



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 29 – Number 11

March 2012

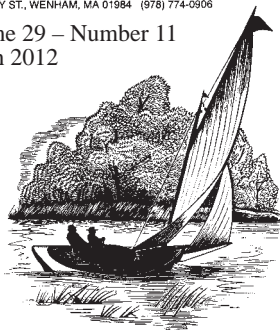
**Special Features This Issue**  
Sailing the Southern Sands  
Aiona Restoration – The Cortez Melonseeds  
Bug Out Boats for Troubled Times  
Introducing the Kayaksailor™



# **messing about in BOATS**

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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

The mild winter we've been enjoying here on the Massachusetts North Shore through January as I write this has kept me motivated to "go outside and play" (as my mother used to urge me to do right here in my childhood years) on all the nice sunny snow-free days, so a long deferred decision to dig into all of the stuff around here with the aim of reducing its volume somewhat by getting rid of some of it has been delayed. After the 55 years now that Jane and I have lived here there's been some accumulation.

Over these years, as things expanded to fill the space available, I just made more space available, adding on over the years a 45'x16' one-story "carriage shed" connecting the 30'x24' two-story barn and the house, a 30'x16' boatshed attached to the barn's north side, a 30'x12' solar greenhouse attached to the barn's south side, a 20'x16' free standing implement shed down behind the barn and a small 24'x12' plastic hoop greenhouse, also down behind the barn. Having an acre of land abutted by my son's two acres gave me some wiggle room for all this expansion, with lots more room to go if I need it.

For 20 years we also had Jane's 48'x24' free-standing large greenhouse off to the south of the barn, from which she operated a seasonal retail greenhouse business, but after she gave that up (12 hour days, seven days a week for four months every spring got to be too much) a winter storm collapsed it, so it is gone. Too bad, as it was to be a wonderful solar building in which to carry on large scale projects. Like boats.

When he bought this ten-acre "farm" in 1937 my dad resurrected the near falling down old barn to keep chickens in as income producers during the latter days of the Great Depression. After Jane and I bought the place in 1956 the barn became my workshop, and after I launched my first motorcycling magazine in 1959 and publishing it outgrew the dining room table, we finished off the barn's second story into an office. Eventually we had up to four of us working there when I had two magazines going concurrently throughout the '70s.

With the launching of *Messing About in Boats* in 1983 we brought the office back into the house into my childhood's 8'x12' bedroom, where it continues to function today. Keeping that 30'x24' barn upper story heated winters was just too costly, especially with just the two of us now at work.

Well that empty old office became a sort of attic as stuff continued to accumulate, possessions that we inherited from both our sets of parents along with our own stuff deemed OK to be removed from the house but not yet ready to be gotten rid of. It also became the "archives" of all the back issues of all three of my magazines. In the 30 years since I ceased publishing the motorcycling magazines the back issues are gone. (I do have my own file in binders part of my "life work") But back issues of *Messing About in Boats* are still there taking up quite a lot of space. Most of them pre-dating 2000 have gone but since the turn of the millennium we've turned out 216 more issues and most of these are still there lining long shelves and sitting in cartons.

Back issues accumulate as leftovers from press runs after all the subscriber copies have been mailed. In order to not come up short (printers can run 10% short on a press run as well as over) there are always leftovers. Requests for them are few and now with internet in full cry it usually is a case of someone wanting a specific article from an old issue, which we provide by copying it from our file copies (contained in 29 binders right over my computer desk).

So it's time for the back issues to leave. We have unlimited opportunity for putting out recycled material for the town's trash pickup so starting to stack these up a curbside week after week until they're gone will be the solution.

But first I wanted to alert all of you to this impending disposal of all this small boat history. I have found that when looking up requested articles for reprints I get caught up in leafing through the issues and finding things worth reading again. The stories are timeless. Perhaps there are some of you who might find this sort of retrospective review of bygone issues entertaining and informative.

So until the end of March I am offering to fill up a medium size Priority Mail box with either about 35 of the 60 pagers (2008-2011) or about 55 of the 40 pagers (2000-2007) for \$20 a pop (\$11.35 going for postage). Unless you request otherwise (I cannot sort by content) I will start with 2000 and work my way through as far as demand (if any) requires, filling each box with successive available issues. As of April 1 I will commence putting them out at curbside for recycling.

That was easy, now what to do about all that other stuff?

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## On the Cover...

This melonseed built by Joe Leiner in St. Michaels, MD years ago served as a model for Roger Allen's design of larger version, which spawned a whole flotilla out of Dave Lucas' Boatworks & Happy Hours Club in Bradenton, FL. Dave brings us the history of this unique craft in this issue.



## From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman  
(Stonington, Connecticut)

This vigorous morning growls in my massive, fieldstone chimney. The maple logs roar back. Tired of their incessant debate, I close the door on both of them and rumble down to the boatyard.

Twenty knots ruffle Fishers Island Sound. Some of the ruffles stand as tall as I do. Not a good day to play intrepid mariner on my 26' sloop. *MoonWind* strains at her doubled-up mooring lines. Chilly water sloshes the finger pier. The sloop in the slip upwind of me, *Sea Biscuit*, bucks on her halter and shakes her salty mane.

This weekend, I presumed, would be apt for sailing. This Sunday, indeed, proves a day of abundant sun. And abundant wind. I square away *MoonWind*, uncover her mainsail and hoist it at the slip. *MoonWind* thinks I mean her to sail, and does her best to clamber over the pier.

"Not yet, my lass," I tell her, as I slack the sheet some more. "I need to shorten your sail a bit before we take you out."

I roller reef the snapping mainsail down to the bottom batten, then douse it and secure it with two bungees. I prime the motor and push the starter button. The motor awakes, yawns once, and purrs contentedly. I scratch her ears and tell her what a good girl she is. A little encouragement goes a long way with motors.

My crew shows up and begins to grump about some frivolous waves he detects cavorting about the sound. Where else would he expect a wave to cavort? At his insistence, I flip on my VHF. Twenty knots, gusting to twenty-eight, says the simulated, nearly human, voice.

Simulated voices start me thinking: a precarious venture even on mild days. I try to imagine a totally engineered voice: sans tongue, sans mouth, sans teeth, sans vocal cords. My imagination reels. Think of it, I say to myself: a voice without a body. Seems there'd be a bigger market for bodies without voices. Many of us would gleefully part with our wallets for such a spouse. All I desire is to have this voice lie to my crew concerning the weather. Why can't it say that the wind blows only ten knots? That the chaos beyond the breakwater is simply one of J. M. Turner's more frenetic seascapes? I've been lied to before. I survived it.

My crew has little interest in mere survival. He wants a relaxing sail. To sail when the small craft warning tatters loudly at Morgan Point apparently disqualifies as relaxing. I try to tempt him with promises of adventure, thrills, and drowning. He responds with an urge to visit a distant marine consignment shop. He tells me his life has taken a turn for the better. He explains to me that he's much too young to drown.

"You're fifty years old," I tell him. "Why would anyone want to live longer than that?"

"Come on," he says. "I'll drive."

I snap the sail cover over the mainsail. I turn my motor off. I tell her what a good girl she's been and tip her out of the water. I secure my forward hatch. I never got to hanking on a jib. Maybe I'll find a storm jib at the marine consignment shop. I replace my drop boards, slide my main hatch closed, cover my bulkhead compass. My crew turns up his collar.

"It's blowing a little harder, now," he says.

"The problem is," I remonstrate, "your younger generation has no..."

"Why don't you go out by yourself?" he counters.

"Do you think they might have a storm jib at this place we're going?" I ask him.

"Don't forget your lunch," he says. "We can park at the point and eat our lunch in the car and watch the sea." The way it's blowing, I figure I can hold my sandwich out the car window in between bites and let the spray nearly ruin it. Real men never leave the helm to eat lunch.

Besides - my writing thrives on verisimilitude.



*It's about time*



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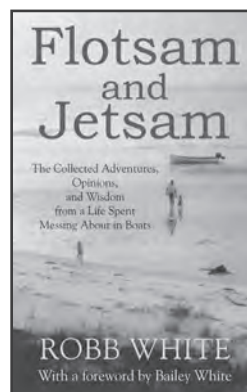
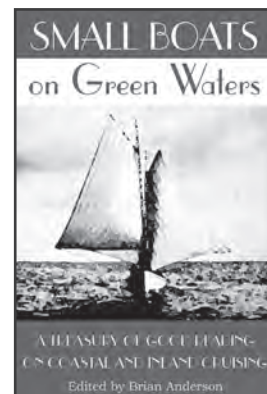
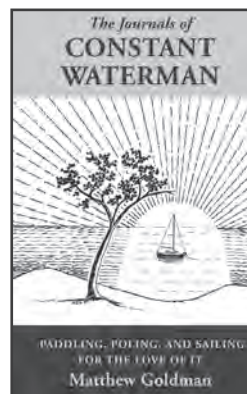
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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### Push and Pull at CBMM

A new major exhibit entitled "Push and Pull: Life on Chesapeake Tugboats" opens April 21 at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum (CBMM) in St Michaels, Maryland. The exhibit explores the world of Chesapeake tugboats and the men and women who work on them. Food, fuel and all the stuff of modern life, almost nothing moves on the Chesapeake Bay without tugboats.

The men and women who work on tugs docking ships and moving barges do difficult, sometimes dangerous, work with unique rules and rhythms. Explore their world through stories, images and objects of the Bay's tugboats, along with the words of the people whose lives are shaped around them.

The exhibit runs through 2014 and is open during regular museum hours. This special exhibit is free for CBMM members or with museum admission. For more information, call (410) 745-2916 or visit [www.cbmm.org](http://www.cbmm.org).



### Teaching with Small Boats Conference Scheduled

The Center for Wooden Boats (CWB) will host a conference on Teaching with Small Boats April 27-29 at its Cama Beach campus on Camano Island, Washington. The goal of the conference is to help communities, through sharing the experiences of others, to find new paths to teach the skills of science, technology, engineering and math to under-served youth. Through direct hands-on experience students, particularly special needs students, can discover their ability to solve complex problems.

Two years ago the Alexandria Seaport Foundation hosted a similar conference at their facility in Alexandria, Virginia. More than 60 organizations participated; their consensus was that the Teaching with Small Boats community should organize for mutual benefit and hold conferences every two years, with rotating hosts.

This conference will address best prac-

tices of the Teaching with Small Boats community in a broad range of topics, including boat building, boat sailing, team building, partnerships, academic focus, environmental focus, celebrating heritage, weaving into community fabric, fundraising and evaluation of students. Representatives of attending organizations will provide information on their programs through a program catalogue and presentations. The groups also will collaborate on future plans. One of the topics will be progress toward organizing a Teaching with Small Boats Alliance.

Attendees also will be able to participate in hands-on activities involving heritage maritime skills in the boatshop and on the water.

The conference fee is \$50. Registration for the conference is being accepted now and must be received by March 21. To register or for more information, contact Tyson Trudel, The Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St, Seattle, WA 98109, (206) 382-2628, [ttrudel@cwbo.org](mailto:ttrudel@cwbo.org).

The conference will be followed by a three-day "Building to Teach" seminar, also at Cama Beach, that will provide participants (limited to ten) with improved skills at delivering math instruction. For more information on the conference, email Dick Wagner at [dick@cwbo.org](mailto:dick@cwbo.org). For information about the Building to Teach seminar, email Joe Youcha at [Youchagalexandriaseaport.org](mailto:Youchagalexandriaseaport.org).

## Adventures & Experiences...

### Solo the Americas

Matt Rutherford, is set to round Cape Horn in the final leg of his 300-day odyssey circumnavigating North and South America in a 27' sailboat (see report on the first leg of his odyssey in *MAIB*, January 2012). When finished, Rutherford will be the first person to do the 25,000-mile voyage alone and without stopping. His motivation for the trip is to show people, particularly those with disabilities, that there are no limits to what can be accomplished in life, and raise money for Chesapeake Region Accessible Boating (CRAB), a nonprofit sailing program for people with disabilities based in Annapolis, Maryland.

"In sailing terms, 'Rounding the Horn' is the most difficult left-hand turn a sailor can make and taking that turn singlehandedly is nothing short of remarkable," said Gary Jobson, president of US Sailing, author of 17 sailing books and editor-at-large of *Sailing World* and *Cruising World* magazines. "Matt's journey in a 40-year-old, 27' sailboat through treacherous, deep ocean waters, completely alone for 300 days, is one for the record books. He is truly proving that there are no limits to what a person can do."

While his trip has stayed on course, Rutherford and CRAB's fundraising could use "more wind in its sails." The nonprofit organization hopes to raise \$250,000 (\$10 for each nautical mile) which will go toward retrofitting CRAB's current fleet of four sailboats, purchasing new handicap accessible racing boats and modifying a fishing boat for wheelchair accessibility. Donations can be

made online at [www.crab-sailing.org](http://www.crab-sailing.org) or by calling (410) 626-0273.

In the spring of 2010, shortly after returning from his second singlehanded transatlantic passage, Rutherford discovered CRAB. It was on this trip that Rutherford decided to start a sailing program for disabled people. When he learned CRAB was already fulfilling his dream, he began volunteering for the organization and, soon after, devised this fundraising voyage around the Americas. The 27' Albin Vega was donated and Rutherford raised funds to retrofit it for the 25,000-mile ocean voyage.

To track Rutherford's progress, map his course and read his ongoing blog about the trip, go to <http://www.solotheamericas.org/>.

### What CRAB Does

"CRAB helps give all types of people with disabilities, a child with autism, a paraplegic veteran, a disabled senior, the opportunity to do something they may never have dreamed they could do," explained Don Backe, executive director and founder of CRAB.

Backe understands the concept of limits, he has been wheelchair bound for several decades from a car accident. He added, "We show people they don't have to be limited by a handicap. Our sailing programs provide an experience and newfound confidence that spills over into every aspect of their lives."



### Moving On

What to say about my move? I did not put an oar over my shoulder and walk until someone inquired about the nature of the strange device. It was a case of opportunity knocking and seemed to be time. I love the sea, the smell and the look, and I love being on the sea and all the actions that make boating seem easy. I also love the forest with its rocks, soil, birds, beasts and insects, and trees, that make the Earth live able as well as the material for building boats. Marblehead was very good to me and I worked to carry on its boat building tradition as Redd's Pond Boatworks there for many years.

If I have a business now, I call it Thad Danielson Boats. My intent is to build boats that I think ought to be built, that I think people ought to learn from, starting with myself. With a house and wood fires to tend, there is more woodworking than boats here, but it is all related through physical motion and ideas. Nathaniel Greene Herreshoff set a high standard with his boats, and I have been privileged to build, rebuild and sail a few of his boats, but his was a life of tough production easy to admire but not to relive.



Through chance and interest my focus now is on the designs of Albert Strange and Ralph Middleton Munroe. I see pleasure in their solidly built and sea capable wooden boats of modest size, gaff rigged yawls and ketches for low aspect but expandable with foresails and topsails for light airs. My brother wants a sailing dory and deserves one, and I have a beautiful 18' Old Town canoe waiting for canvas. Otherwise I am always glad to talk about boats, design, construction and sailing. Such is life. How about that?

Thad Danielson, 42 French Rd, Cummington, MA 01026

### Hell's Bells

On the weekend of November 19 and 20, a crew of volunteers tackled the herculean task of moving a 3,000lb bronze bell into position on an island adjacent to the Lighthouse. Retrieved from the Hudson River Museum in Yonkers several years ago, the bell was stored at the Saugerties Coast Guard Station awaiting the final leg of its journey. Moving the bell to the Lighthouse presented a unique puzzle. The remote location ruled out the use of heavy machinery for lifting the bell. Shallow shoals prevented any Coast Guard vessel from getting within reach. This weighty problem kept us scratching our heads for two or three years.

Fortunately, Jim Kricker of Rondout Woodworking volunteered his equipment and know how. As soon as we sketched out a plan, we loaded the old supply barge with the bell (courtesy of the Coast Guard crane operator) plus a pair of heavy duty winches, lengths of chain, pry bars, wood wedges and planks. SLC board members Dick Duncan and I rallied to the occasion despite strong winds and choppy waters. While out walking his dog, neighbor Doug Elliot took an interest and unexpectedly joined the effort. With Jim's leadership, the assembled team used muscles and mechanical advantage to hoist the bell off the supply barge, roll it across the bridge, lever it onto wood blocks and gently lower it down onto its concrete base. The crew worked methodically throughout the afternoon and into the twilight hours to finish the job.

Anna Berkheiser prepared a short video of the project, "Hells Bells." I play the role of Bell Ringer. The production was to be entered in the Best Documentary slot, but after we got it into place the producer made the mistake of looking at old photos. Ding, not the same bell. Turns out the Saugerties CG has had our bell all along, nicely painted and on display by their building. This bell used to be at the CG station on the river. The Saugerties CG station moved from the river (two miles south of us) in the '50s to their present location on the Esopus Creek a half mile up from the LH. So, the Saugerties CG has our old bell and we have theirs. The production will therefore be entered in Best Mockumentary.

Dock Shuter, Glasco, NY



### Dangers on Caribbean Cruises

In Reinhardt Zollitsch's recent article Antigua-Azores-Hamburg, he mentions that Antigua is an English possession, which implies that it is under English management. In fact, Antigua and Barbuda became an independent Caribbean nation in 1981.

This is a stop on one of the Star Clipper routes from Barbados to Nevis/St Kitts and back. The Star Clipper is a 400' long tall ship with five masts and 43 sails. The sails equal 5,500sm and they actually use the sails when the wind direction is helpful. A square-rigged ship can only go 85° to the wind direction.

On our trip in 2009, a tragedy occurred in Antigua to a member of a wedding party on board. The sister of the bride was killed by an itinerant fisherman from an adjacent island. She was found in a car with her throat cut by a beer bottle. The villain was found about three weeks later, wandering on a beach, and he still had her digital camera with pictures of the two of them on it.

The incident was covered heavily in the San Francisco papers, as her family was from the West Coast. We discovered later that Antigua is on the US State Department watch list due to other bad happenings. An English couple was shot and killed in their hotel room. Additional instances of trouble for visitors were also cited.

I guess everyone should check the State Department watch list and be careful not to wander away from their group. This girl had worked in Africa for many years with the Peace Corps and was involved in the AmeriCorps activities in San Francisco. As she was very comfortable dealing with native peoples, she didn't think she was in danger staying behind when her group went to a saloon have a few drinks.

Star Clipper has bypassed Antigua for two years, but is scheduling stops in 2012. I'm sure extensive precautions will be taken. The sailing facility is excellent and Lord Nelson's dockyard is really worth a visit. He maintained the whole Caribbean and eastern Atlantic Fleet from this location.

Joseph W. Spalding, Skaneateles, NY



## Information of Interest...

### About Dixie II

In the first paragraph of the great article about *Atosis* by Mr Dan Miller in the January issue I noticed a small error. He stated that *Dixie II* won the 1909 Gold Cup. This may be true but *Dixie II* is far more widely acknowledged as being the winner of the 1908 Harmsworth Trophy at 36.6mp. My source for this critique comes from Clinton Crane's autographed book, dated 1952, that I have in my hand. Clinton Crane was the designer of all the *Dixies*.

My interest in *Dixie II* started back just after WWII. I was then a young man who scraped and painted her green bottom for her then owner Howard Pitt of Greenwood Lake New York. Mr Pitt took us on many wonderful rides on the lake with *Dixie II*, then powered by a 200hp Marmon car engine. Passing by small pounding planing boats at 30mph with the amazingly smooth ride of a displacement hull is something that is not soon forgotten.

I am delighted that *Atosis* has joined *Dixie II* at the Clayton museum. They both are worthy of preservation and as a means of educating young boaters of the greyhounds of boating's yesteryear.

John Hoagland

### New Classic Boating Website Launched

A new classic boating website has been launched featuring a collection of high quality videos and authoritative blogs. OffCenterHarbor.com focuses its cameras on well-designed boats with classic appeal.

In addition to the extensive video content, OffCenterHarbor.com has recruited an international group of knowledgeable and articulate "Guides" who write blogs on a wide range of topics that are of interest to boaters with an eye for graceful lines and exceptional seaworthiness.

"Nothing transmits what we have learned about these boats over our lifetimes as well as video," says Maynard Bray, world-renowned traditional boat authority and a Co-founder of OffCenterHarbor.com.

In addition to Bray, the OffCenterHarbor.com founding team includes: Ben Mendlowitz, whose Calendar of Wooden Boats has set the standard in boat photography for three decades; Bill Mayher, maritime author and regular contributor to boating magazines; Eric Blake, a talented young boat designer and builder; and filmmaker/entrepreneur Steve Stone.

"We started out by shooting how-to-build videos in the shops of leading boat builders in the field," adds Bray. "Then we went out on the water to profile legendary boats, and we couldn't believe how the results jumped off the screen. I have been writing about techniques and designs for forty years, but these videos raise things to a new level."

"When we discovered the power of video to bring the world of classic boats to life, we created OffCenterHarbor.com to bring others inside. Wooden boats, tool sharpening, how to sail, how to build a boat, beach cruising, boat repair, how to get kids into boats, these are just a few of the topics we're covering, and we'll be bringing our members aboard boats and into boatshops that would be difficult to gain access to without this site," says Steve Stone.

"Sometimes when I'm shooting, I get to learn from these leading experts in the field, in an up close and personal way, and then we get to share that experience with our members in the comfort of their own lounge chair or shop. How lucky is that?"

Two levels of memberships are available at OffCenterHarbor.com, an Annual Membership at \$29/year and a Lifetime Membership for those feeling optimistic about their longevity.

Bill Mayher  
bmayher@gmail.com  
Steve Stone  
steve@offcenterharbor.com

## Projects...

### Got a Match?

Seventy-nine-year-old Phil Warren from the UK spent 62 years building an incredible fleet of 432 ships and 1200 aircraft, all built entirely of matchsticks and their wooden boxes. The collection includes 370 US and 60 British ships and their associated aircraft.

Now 79 years of age, he began creating his first boat in 1948 when he was 17. He uses a razor blade, tweezers, sandpaper and glue. He has used more than 650,000 matchsticks to create this amazing collection of 1:300 scale models.

Lotsa details can be found at the following websites:

<http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-1306013/The-matchstick-armada-Modeler-spends-62-years-building-incredible-fleet-400-ships.html>

<http://www.odditycentral.com/pics/master-modeller-builds-unique-matchstick-armada.html>

<http://www.shipsnostalgia.com/showthread.php?t=35496>

<http://www.modelshipgallery.com/gallery/dio/collection/matchbox-pw/index.htm>

John Nystrom (via email)

## In Memoriam..

### Neal Small

12/31/22 – 1/7/12

Neal E. Small has been a long-time subscriber of *Messing About in Boats* and enjoyed every issue. He is at least fifth generation of sailor and seaman descending from square-rigged ship captains, two lighthouse keepers at Highland Light on Cape Cod and from his father, Capt Elmer B. Small, a Panama Canal Pilot.

Neal grew up in the Panama Canal Zone. During the late 1930s Neal and his father, with the help of local native laborers, built a 39' L. Francis Herreshoff design replica of Joshua Slocum's *Spray*. The boat was a gaff-rigged ketch, 12'6" beam, long clipper bow, built entirely of native Panamanian woods. The boat was named *Sagamore* after the Sagamore Indians on Cape Cod.



She made many voyages through the islands off the Pacific end of the Panama Canal and also cruised the Caribbean, made several trips through the Inland Waterways to New York. During the 1960s she made several cruises into New England waters as far as Camden, Maine. The *Sagamore* was eventually sold in November 1986 to a couple in the Chesapeake Bay area and we have not been able to trace her in recent years, but do hope she is still afloat and perhaps in a museum collection somewhere down there.

Two years ago, Neal responded to a small article in a spring issue of *MAIB*, submitted by a fellow wondering what kind of boat would be proper for an octogenarian. In our shop we heard sawing and tapping and then saw pieces of wood being clamped and glued together in sections. Just in time for spring planting, out came *Morning Belle*, the frame of a little 12' gaff rigged sloop with all the proper rigging. Flower pots were set in place and several packages of Heavenly Blue Morning Glory seeds were planted. Soon there were runners growing up all the rigging and eventually lots of Heavenly Blue blossoms to enjoy. We sent in a picture and a short bit on how to build the boat, which you published at that time. This past summer he faithfully gave the "boat" a fresh coat of paint and planted again. It was to be his last season of Heavenly Blue Morning Glories.

Neal passed away on January 7, 2012, of congestive heart failure at the age of 89. We will miss his stories and tales of adventure and his great imagination. In his memory we plan to keep *Morning Belle* shipshape and planted with Heavenly Blue Morning Glories for years to come.

Joan, T.K. and Lucy Small

### Drawing and Notecards of Your Boat

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## This Magazine..

### Best Wishes

Best wishes for 2012 for you and your family and thank you for bringing us the real boating culture giving us a heap of pleasure.

Bob and Judith Yorke, Scituate, MA

## Not the Way it is Done on the Eastern Shore

By John Zohlen

Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

The parts of Maryland and Virginia that are east of the Chesapeake Bay are known locally as just the "Eastern Shore." The Eastern Shore is rich in history, small towns, farms, wild fowl hunters and watermen. Life on the Eastern Shore is much slower and less complicated than on the busy western side of the Bay. This slower pace leads to things being done a little differently on the Eastern Shore. The following sea story is an example of this difference.

Many years ago I was in the process of launching my Dovekie at the St Michael's Town Ramp on the Eastern Shore. I was in a hurry for some reason I do not remember now. The Dovekie is normally a very easy boat to launch. I had thrown my gear into the boat and proceeded to back down the ramp. Normally I would stop when I could see the stern lift off the trailer. The stern did not lift, no matter how far I backed down. I got out of the van several times and tried to push the Dovekie off the trailer. It would not go. I paused to consider what to do next.

The St Michael's boat ramp is located next to a dock where several watermen moor their Chesapeake deadrise work boats. One older, well weathered waterman was watching me in my struggles to launch the Dovekie. Finally he said, "You must be from the Western Shore."

"Why yes, I'm from Annapolis," I replied. "How did you know?"

"Well," he said, "over here on the Eastern Shore we usually take off the belly band (the strap holding the boat to the trailer) before launching." Of course, I had forgotten to take off the belly band. The entire trailer was hanging, wheels off the bottom, onto the Dovekie. No wonder the Dovekie was floating a little bit lower in the water. I smiled and thanked the waterman for his keen observation.

The Dovekie floated right off the trailer once the belly band was removed. I am sure that waterman has told that story a hundred times, about the guy from the Western Shore who tried to launch his boat still connected to the trailer. It was certainly not my best day of "rampmanship!"







I just completed my sixth trip into the BWCA/Quetico wilderness area, this time spending a total of four weeks divided almost equally between the US and Canadian sides. Previous trips have been during September/October, but this year I went from the first week in August through the first week of September. An earlier trip meant more mosquitoes and paddlers but offered better fishing and bathing opportunities. This is a paddling paradise anytime the lakes are free of ice.

I will not go into detail on specific routes because without a map the reader would not be able to follow anyway. The combined two areas cover millions of square acres and contain hundreds (thousands?) of lakes and rivers, which are interconnected by streams and/or dry land portages. This particular trip probably covered 60-70 miles of "loops" during which I camped on 20 different lakes and traveled through at least twice as many more. It also required crossing 42 portages

Many of the lakes are connected by streams.



## BWCA/Quetico Paddling

By John Depa  
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*  
Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA

for a total of (roughly) five-and-a-half miles. Sounds like a lot, but when averaged over 28 days, it breaks down to less than 2.4 miles of paddling and 0.2 miles of portaging per day, not really that demanding, even for an old geezer like me.

My launch base was once again "Voyager Canoe Outpost" located at the end of the Gunflint Trail, 55 miles north of Grande Marais, Minnesota. I have used this outfitter for my past four visits and am very happy with the service.



My canoe is a Hemlock Peregrine solo that measures 15'9" of Kevlar weighing 38lbs.



Dinner!

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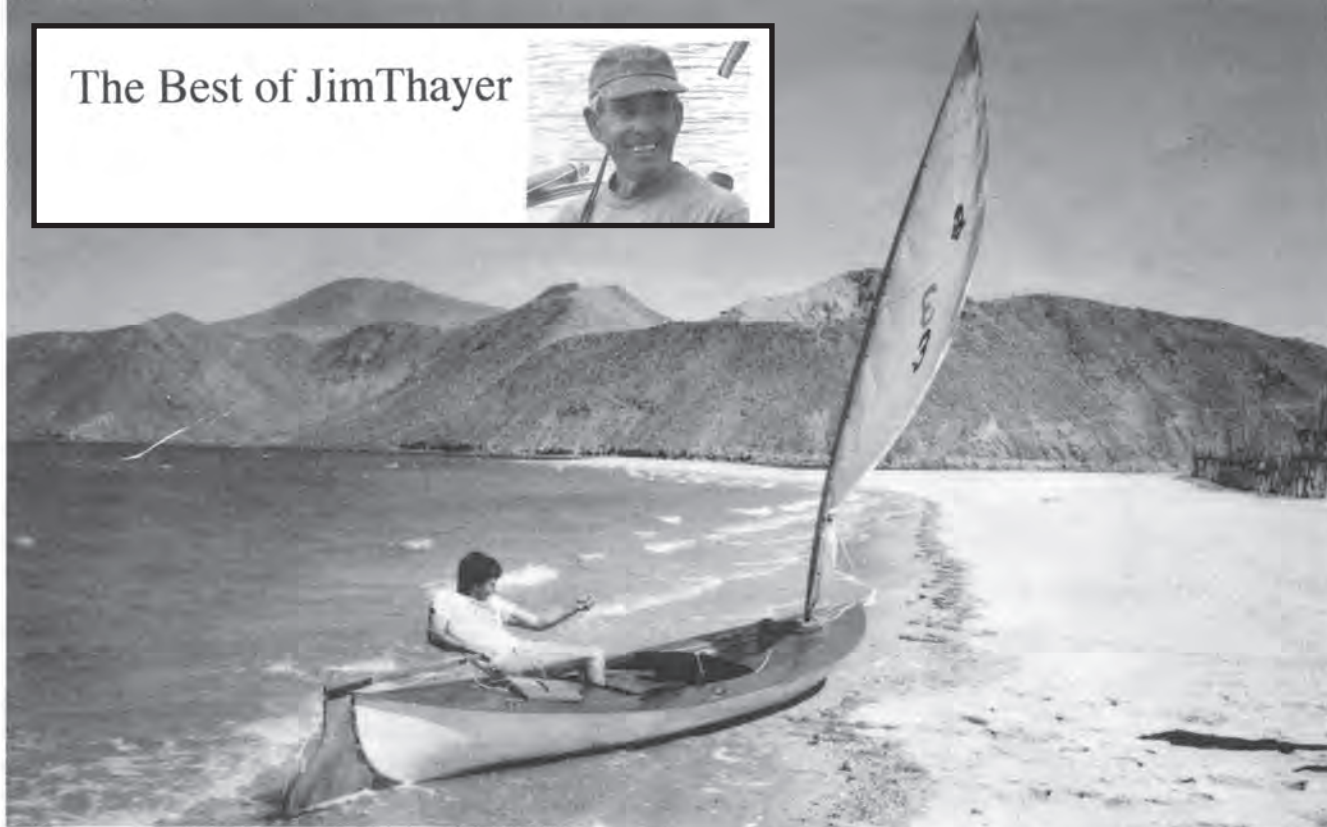
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## The Best of Jim Thayer



## Sailing the Southern Sands

I have seen the Boogum tree. And it pleased me. In fact the whole Baja expedition was most pleasing, although in conception at least, it was, like the fabled tree itself, a little strange.

The notion that a midwinter testing trip to Baja was absolutely crucial to meeting the spring marketing deadlines was promoted with inescapable logic at the T-Co head office, but was met with arched brows in other quarters.

Actually, Andy floated the idea first with the announcement that there was an eclipse of the sun visible from Baja. I was careful not to investigate the matter more fully, suggesting only that the jaunt would tie in nicely with my T-Co boat testing responsibilities.

Planning was rather more elaborate than with the ordinary Thayer-Kelley project. This was partly due to fixing the departure date nearly three weeks ahead, and partly because a new couple, i.e. real people, was being integrated into the group. Grandma's camper was loaded onto Andy's big diesel 4x4 and well stocked with staples. He even brought new tires for his motorcycle trailer.

I too went all out, putting new bushings in my boat trailer spring shackles and spending \$200 to get a new timing belt in the Nissan, which was already 30,000

miles over spec. I robbed another trailer to get two 12" spares in place of the one 8 inch I usually carry.

Thus prepared, we hit the trail. The Nissan, unconstrained by the tyranny of the "system" left a day early and laid over in Flagstaff where the temp hit newsmaking lows. The tube was full of California snow storms and fruit tree damage. The Ford-mounted second wave came via Las Vegas and hit the El Centro rendezvous point at 2 a.m. Sat. morn.

The group, now complete, consisted of Janis, Susan, Steven and myself from the T-Co upper echelon, and in-law Andy with friends Bob and Di. The Ford gang were primarily mc people and had three trail bikes in tow. Steven is ambos, being equally at home on the bars or the tiller. We had his bike on the trailer alongside the "Duckah".

"Duckah"?? Yes, friends, a new boat has been created and will, I modestly believe, rocket with meteoric speed to the zenith of the small boat firmament. Like yea, wow! Stand in awe!

Whence cometh this thing called "Duckah"?

What the "Duckah" is, is a Delaware Ducker (York model) from the Steve Clark mold, given a judicious shot of hormone L. No less a guru than Bolger says, "On any

given midsection, the longer a boat is the better it will sail." Reason enough. Besides, I am congenitally prone to stretching everything in sight, including, someone is saying, the truth.

The Delaware Ducker is a fabulous boat but a little tippy for relaxed cruising, and short on capacity for extended expedition work. I mean, we are talking a case of red, some whites, dependent on the fishing expected, and say, three flats of beer, that sort of thing.

The time-honored way to increase capacity is to whack a boat in half and graft a chunk into the middle. It's a simple straightforward procedure done all the time in the commercial field, and unlikely to have any unexpected performance consequences. With a sloop rig there might be some balance problems so I just do the hull and the rest is from scratch.

As added advantages, one gains stability and increased hull speed. The power requirement is nearly the same. There is, of course, increased skin friction but, unless heavily loaded, she will float higher, partly negating the increased length.

For now we'll just pop a standard Ducker rig into her and see how we get along. Other modifications include moving the mast aft, replacing the daggerboard with a pivoting cb and putting a folding



blade on the shallow rudder.

In support of the extended cruising/expedition idea, she was given extensive decking with large watertight compartments as well as sealed flotation chambers in the ends. Side decks are eight inches wide supported by longitudinal bulkheads which enclose more flotation and small impedimenta pockets. The cockpit is open for five feet with an additional three feet under the foredeck to allow for sleeping and storing the oars inside.

The initial hull was laid up quite heavy for use as a plug, and with the thick bandage in the middle incorporating wood, glass, and a couple of gallons of body putty, she weighs around 200 lbs. I think a production boat will go about 150 pounds.

And the name? Well, she had to be some kind of duck, but without a lot of thought, nothing caught my fancy. To differentiate her around the shop I started calling her the "Duckah", as in "Ducker" with "vigah". Considering all the trouble we have with "Niña", the best thing to do is just spell it like it sounds, and not make a big thing of it. I think we will just give her the Ducker logo with fangs.

But, enough of this dull technical stuff. On to Baja. The plan was to swing west to Ensenada and see some of the west coast; then south through the Boogum forest and up the east coast; expected highlights being the Catavana boulder field, Gonzaga Bay and the hot springs at Puertocitos.

Purchase of a map showing a few back roads opened up the possibility of short cutting the long leg to Ensenada via a track through a place with the improbable name of "Mike's Sky Ranch". It would show us some nice country, maybe give us a chance to see the Sierra San Pedro Martir close up, and then pop us onto the pavement at Coronet. Go for it.

The heights of the sierra just to the west were enveloped in fog as we broke camp under a splendid sunrise. As we turned south at the sign, we were into a general overcast and scattered sprinkles, "bird spit" according to Bob. This was granite country and the fairly good road was coarse sand and the rocks tire friendly.

What with stopping to investigate the fairly lush vegetation and cranking it up to twenty-per on the straightaways, we dismounted at Mike's about 11 a.m. in a dedicated drizzle. It seemed almost colder and more cheerless indoors next to the impressive but cold stove. However, the coffee was good and we decided to wait on lunch. Lunch (\$6) was good too, but weatherwise the delay was questionable.

Word from the waiter was that the road ended at Mike's. Under prodding, he allowed that with four-wheel drive we could go on. But with trailers?

Well, it wasn't too bad by Colorado standards. Some pitches near the top required a little road building and several runs. The bike trailer could be unloaded, but that wasn't an option with the boat. In any case, I can assure you that backing a trailer down a muddy cliff edge develops one's concentration wonderfully.

Once at the top, we assumed that we were home free, but I barely made it up the next hill by inhaling sharply while Susan threw branches under the tires. Unhooking the trailer, we scouted ahead a mile and decided that discretion was the better course. No problem. In this climate it would probably be dry by breakfast time. The bike scouts came back and reported good camping ahead, but by that time we were already settled in. A big Dodge Ram came by at supertime and reported fearsome conditions far ahead.

During the night it snowed. The early morning consensus was, skip breakfast and beat a hasty retreat. The snow gave us some footing and the mud had firmed a bit. With no real trouble we were soon back at the little creek having breakfast in the bright sun. I entertained myself making a baling wire washer for my hitch ball. The lock washer had apparently broken out and there wasn't enough thread to take up the slack.

In the back of my mind was the notion that we might put the boats into Scammon's Lagoon and visit some whales. A chance encounter with an American resident in Ensenada suggested we might have problems because it is a national park and there is extensive oyster farming in the area. He suggested that a much better spot would be Laguna San Ignacio. He also recommended the bay at San Quintin as a very attractive place for small boats. It was fast becoming obvious that we weren't going to get that far. Even Bahia de Los Angeles was in doubt.

Sure enough, after a night on the beach at Camalu and a good check of the rocks north of El Rosario, which netted us a nice bag of mussels, we turned east at Laguna Chapala. We camped at the windmill and next morning rumbled off on the 42 miles of well graded, moderately rough road into Bahia San Luis Gonzaga.

We were well into the twenties most of the way and had just brought the bay into sight when the desert air was rent by that rare (second in two months) but instantly recognizable sound. In short order the hurried tourist was

transformed into one of those laid-back roadside mechanics so ubiquitous south of the border. Well, what's the problem? Oh, it was a flat alright, but the tread looked to be good. Poking the caba-za underneath brought forth a heartfelt groan.

The trailer was jacked up, sitting rock brought up, beer opened, and the situation was ready for evaluation. The little keeper gizmos that keep the leaves of the springs in alignment had worked themselves out to the shackles. The center bolt had broken and departed, letting the various leaves work fore and aft according to their preference. Since there was only one U-bolt per spring, installed catty-wampus, there was nothing to keep the leaves from turning. The short bottom one had rotated 90 degrees and a longer one had turned far enough to do a lathe job on the tire sidewall. Sigh!

No problem. The leaves were tapped back into alignment, an odd bolt dropped into the center hole secured by a beer can keeper wired over, and the gizmos wired back where they belonged. The only worry now was keeping the axle centered on the spring. Elaborate rope and wire swing arms were mentally designed but never proved necessary.

During the hour or so that Susan and I were thus pleasantly employed (nary a skinned knuckle) two sets of Americans stopped to check, and a boonie biker pedaled up and accepted a beer with less than a nano-second delay. Of course, Steven and Andy rode back to help, so we didn't lack for company. There is nothing like a successful baling wire job to get you back on the road with a real feeling of worthwhile accomplishment. If you are dubious about that, you had best carefully check your equipment.

On the water at last! Now for the good part. We actually put the boat into the water. Yep, it floated. The tide was dropping fast and we had to drag her quite a way and then pick our channel carefully, but she sailed right along, balancing with just a tad of weather helm.

The narrow pass between island and mainland was high and dry so we close reached up to the town, took some photos, then set out around the island. The wind grew lighter but she ghosted well. Finally there was no help for it and we hauled out the wood. The water was very clear, and peering over the side we saw a small ray and several edible-looking fish.

By the by, shadows from the peaks began to intersect our course often enough to put a chill in the air. Time to lay down the rig and get serious. In spite of our in-





At last, a good breeze on Gonzaga Bay, and the "Duckah" relishes it.

creased speed the island grew southward nearly as fast, and it wasn't until sundown that we caught up with that last point. The bay too had widened considerably and it was pretty dusky by the time we spotted Steven's motorcycle light well to the south of where we had posited the camp. We hauled her way up on the beach, buried the anchor, and went for the burgers.

Next morning we discovered the high water mark just under her bow. There was a spanking breeze out of the north which cried out for sailing. Bob was the only volunteer, and sensing a convert to the sport, I immediately signed him on. As we boarded in the little slop of surf, Bob fell into the boat, dinged his shin and ruefully concluded that maybe cycling was safer. Well, he soon forgot the shin as we were making waves and a little spray as well. The Ducker has a  $\frac{3}{4}$ " lip around the edge which turns the slop and makes her a very dry boat. The "Duckah" shares this lip, but when "bashing to windward" some of the slosh is going to get high enough to blow inboard.

We had a splendid time (I trust I can speak for Bob) working up to the slot between island and sand spit. The "Duckah" pointed high, tracked well, balanced nicely and tacked cleanly, although she is too long to spin. Great boat, if I do say so myself!

As we neared the slot the wind strengthened and the mast bent alarmingly. It had been marginal in the Ducker but with a heavier boat and two guys to hold it down, it really looked iffy. However, it depowered the rig nicely. Well, we couldn't let up now. There was deep water up to the boulders on one side and shallow sandy bottom on the other, the whole thing just a few boat lengths wide. After a couple of tacks we were through and zoomed around to the end of the runway where we ran on the beach full tilt. We buried the anchor and made for the bar.

Cervezas were one buck cada una (2700 pesos) and as luck would have it, there was 5500 worth of coins in my pocket. Before long Andy roared up and bought us another round. Sailing's a tough game.

By now it was top of the tide and we decided to pull the boat at the ford behind the camp. Steven and Andy roared ahead (they always roar) to take photos. They set up on the banks of a narrow cove where we could tear by on a broad reach close to shore. It was a bit shallow to be tacking, but we managed to keep going with board and rudder banging over the rocky



bottom. The rudder blade finally stuck in the raised position but still she handled well. Susan was taking some spray and I had to promise a Baja T-shirt to mollify her.

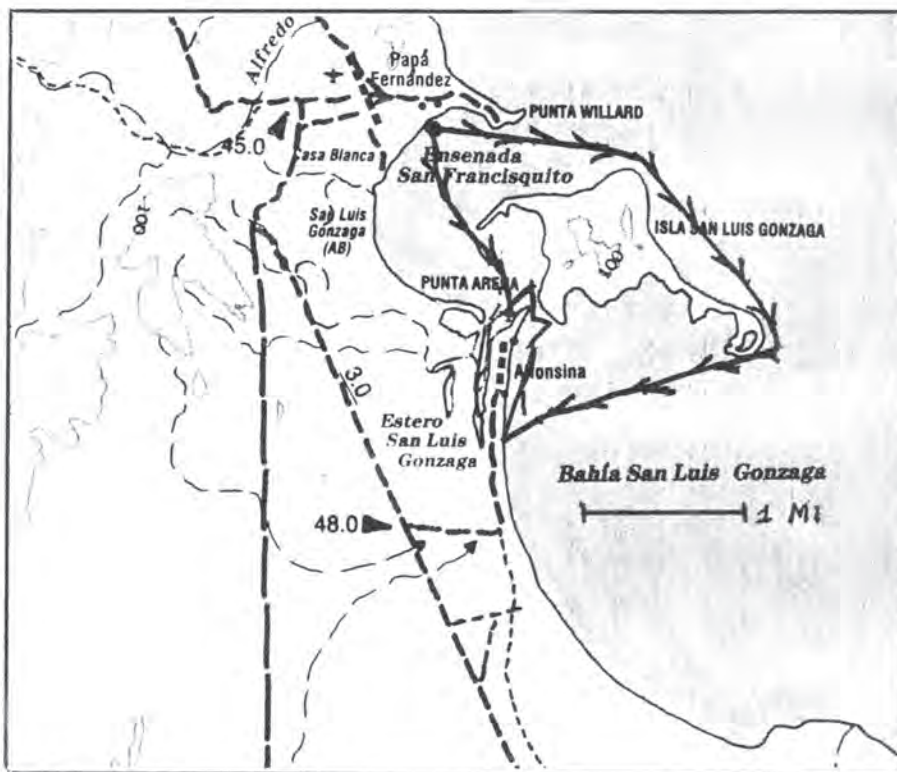
Always on the prod, we headed up the coast road. A new road has been built with considerable cut and fill and I would expect to see it paved in a few years, probably clear to No. 1. Then the motor-homes will roll and Gonzo will be just another place steamrollered by the yanqui dollar. The new road from Gonzaga is 42 miles of world class washboard with a constant 22" wavelength and 4" to 5" amplitude, well developed right out to the berm. Riding the berm, especially with a trailer that tows with a starboard bias, could get you in a peck of trouble. We followed the locals and went with the old road whenever possible. It's like an interlude of Viennese waltzes after a long dose of acid heavy metal, and gives you a feel for the old Baja. A serene and forbidding place like Baja becomes almost friendly when you are twisting around in intimate contact with the rocks and veggies.

After crawling over some of the most awesome volcanics this side of mars, one bounces into Puertocitos, a tacky example of what second home money will do if it can't get title to the land. There is a perfect little harbor with a sand beach at its head and a private paved ramp. Puertocitos is renowned for its hot spring. It was located forthwith and the Grubby Gringo soon transformed into El Volcan, the sulfur kid. Henceforth, instead of edging away, noses twitching in disgust, folks distanced themselves, brows wrinkled in puzzlement. The pools cover at high tide, thus keeping them rinsed out and moderating the temperature. Splendid spot. The restaurant had good simple food at the best prices of the trip. Beer still a buck.

Glory be. At Puertocitos the pavement starts, but with vados (fords, dips). The ribbons of rubber leading into these babies indicate that people know what they are like but tend to forget. The vados tend to harbor a few bushes in a land of limited cover, and among the ladies, vado became the term for pit stop.

Halfway to San Felipe, the pavement, the whole inch of it, starts to disappear. Put down since we were there three years ago, it has gotten bad enough so that one is tempted back to the old road at times.

Topping the dunes south of San Felipe, we found the beautiful bay full of colorful Mobie cats. Shades of SoCal. The town has really gone tourista with condos,



upscale hotels, plenty of junk shops, and the ultimate horror, a gross green disco called the "Rockodile".

The small, drying out, commercial harbor has the usual assortment of nice new work, refits, and gone-beyond-hope disasters. A check of the scrapbook reveals that four of them, one nearly finished, hadn't moved since three years ago. On the beach is a mob of pangas, and more modern types, with many devoted to tourist fishing, rather than the honest market fishing of yesterday.

After a night at our favorite hangout, San Diego Beach (\$5/car, hot showers \$1), the Ford departed for the real world while the T-Co

gang, crammed into the king-cab Nissan, went off to do some fresh water sailing. I had seen photos of a place called Laguna Hanson, now dignified and presumably protected by, the nombre, "Parque Nacional Constitución de 1857". It looked very much like Big Bear in SoCal.

We turned north from No. 3 at the sign east of Ojos Negros. Nearly all the questionable turnings from then on had some sort of sign. The fairly good track ascended gradually on a vast plateau spotted with piles of granite boulders, and homogeneously covered with a shoulder high blanket of bush, primarily an unknown feathery-leaved evergreen.

Granitic rock is a benign road





Laguna Hanson, someone took away all the water!

material, producing a coarse sand and rounded stones. We were always glad to see the rounded granite mountains which form much of the backbone of Baja, and dreaded the appearance of metamorphics and extrusives which give rise to jarring, angular "Baja gravel".

The recent wet weather was evidenced by the enormous, well, what to call them? They were much too big for potholes, even by New England standards, and certainly too firm and regular for mudholes. Laguna would be a bit too grand a term, although there was serious talk of launching the "Duckah" in one for a photo. They were saucer-shaped depressions which had grown well beyond the sides of the road due to people trying to sneak around them. The water was currently hub-deep, but many of them had the potential for holding a couple of feet. They added interest to the trip.

As we approached the park, ponderosa pine took over, some standing watch over declining and doomed snowbanks. We came into the center of the park just at dusk, eyes straining for sight of

the Laguna, which at this hour should have been a dark jewel shining faintly through the stately pines in its luminous granite setting. Well it was dark alright, and no shine. Mud by golly.

Morning revealed that it was mostly bone dry except for a few puddles, none so large as in the road behind us. To assuage our disappointment, we went clambering off over the monumental boulders, admiring the magnificent manzanita lavishly decorated with fluorescent lime-green lichen, alone worth the trip.

The road out to the north, through an enormous burn, was slow and rocky in the best Baja tradition. We were buoyed, however, by the thought of sailing the great Laguna Salada, favored, according to the brochure, by windsurfers from California, though, to be candid, we were not overly sanguine, in view of our recent experiences.

Pitching over the edge of the incredible granite escarpment which gives rise to the Sierra Juarez, we saw in the hazy distance the basin of the legendary Laguna Salada. A

check with the glasses was inconclusive. The road downward, new since we were through here with Greenie twenty some years ago, was spotted with panting semis, Diamond T and the like, retired south in their old age and now suffering the unconscionable burden of double wagons.

Rolling into the parking lot at El Oasis, we saw that the lake was indeed dry, lacking even an encouraging mirage. A track across the bottom disappeared into the distance, giving blissfully soft access to the hot springs at Guadalupe Canyon. Crusts of salt attested to its name and numerous dried fish witnessed its productivity in a lifeless land.

A couple of small motorboats stranded some way out and a pile of sorry fiberglass lapstrake dinks testified that the windsurfers had indeed froliced in a vanished sea. The caretaker said that it had been dry a year, while an American parked nearby thought it had been gone about four years.

Three years ago we had remarked the marshes along Route 5 and the thriving fish camp where the road crosses the Canal Salada. I was smitten at the time with the idea of following the canal into the mysterious distance, having no inkling of where it led or what its purpose was. This year the marshes and canal were dry and the fish camp was gone with hardly a trace.

Now, knowing the geography, it seems to me a strange but compelling adventure to sail the phantom Laguna Salada from Route 2 around to the crossing at Route 5. If, as seems likely, the Laguna was nourished by wastewater from the Colorado, I'll probably never see it. Still, I'll keep an eye out.

Writing off the Laguna for the foreseeable future, we visited a cactus farm, traded the spent Dos Equis case in on a bottle of Kah-lua, tanked up on gas, and split for the border.

Stateside the next morning in Needles, we sat in a MacDonalds and watched a fellow run an interminable and pointless stream of water down the parking lot. Just a chance to get out of the kitchen, I think. Two hours out of Mac's we were back on the dirt heading down to Six-Mile Cove on Lake Mojave. An encouraging breeze ruffled the surface, but while we washed off the Baja dust and had a leisurely lunch, it apparently got tired and left.

We went out anyway, having boats that row well and shrink not at the tyranny of the wind. We just mooched along, soaking up rays, stalking the carp, and watching the colors play on the hills. Steven didn't bother taking a-rig, but I fooled with mine anytime a zephyr





beckoned, -with the result that he and Susan got home a lot sooner than we did. Steven remarked on how enjoyable it had been. There may be hope for the younger generation after all.

On the morrow, it was still a dead calm so we took the boats and had a little rowing race, then got photos of the sleek craft drifting through the reflected mountains. Having seen the green fields of California and the pitiable trickle south of Mexicali, one has enhanced regard for these impoundments.

The Colorado chain of reservoirs from Havasu through Mojave and Mead to Powell offer delightful sailing and camping off season. I understand that the lower ones, including Mead, erupt on Memorial Day. The ranger at Mojave carries a shotgun, whatever that may mean.

Packing up our now shiny kit, we descended on Las Vegas to get our rube cards punched and ogle the sights. The cascades, veritable Niagaras, at the new Mirage, powered by yet more falling water just down the road at Hoover Dam, lead one, just returned from Baja, to ponder the cosmic scheme of things. But not for too long.

We gave Steven the throttle and whacked it up to St. George for the night. Next day at Mac's in Cedar City, Scott Atkin was taking a keen interest in the boats with thoughts of Baja in his head. He certainly picked the right group. He's already bought plans for the Peter Boat from old "you know who", but maybe, just maybe, he'll jump for a "Duckah" hull and be sailing Bahia Concepcion next winter.

Rain showers, lunch on the incredible "Swell" and a monstrous cup of coffee from Crescent Junction saw us into the Center of the Western World where we packed it in just 2800 miles from the other side of the road, well content and a trifle smug.

Well, you say, that's a lot of miles and time for a handful of hours of sailing. True enough, I guess, but really, sailing is just ancilliary. it's the messing about that counts.

Story & Photos from Jim Thayer, Thayer & Co., 2106 Atlee Rd., Mechanicsville, VA 23111.

When the wind doesn't blow...you row. On Lake Mojave, Janis and Steven go for a row, Jim indulges in some leisurely sculling, and sunrise enhances the grace and beauty of the "Duckah".





Thunderstorms threatened on the Monday we had picked to launch the Micro. But I really wanted to try it anyway. Failing to launch then meant that I would miss the next two weekends of sailing because it was the last day for two weeks that I'd have access to a car with a trailer hitch. I had to go to work the rest of the week. Frann had to get back home to work on Saturdays and her car was the only one among the clan with a trailer hitch. So we had to use her car to launch that day.

We kept sharp weather eyes and ears out. The morning dawned foggy but dry, so we decided to move ahead with the launch unless the weather made it unsafe. The course across the harbor from the launch ramp to the mooring was downwind so I wouldn't have to show much, if any, canvas. I could just drift along with my oars out to catch the wind and steer. If a squall kicked up after launching, I could drop the sail and safely make it to the mooring or, at worst, the beach just beyond it.

I can never accurately predict how long it will take me to rig up, especially the first time of the season. The rhythms of stepping the masts, raising the spars and lashing on the canvas come back slowly. My predictions have fallen short so many times that Frann always takes them with a grain of salt now. She has thoroughly beachcombed the launching ramp area while waiting several times. In earlier years, I used the same old dog-eared set of instructions the Micro's builder, David Jost, had printed out for me. Now I remember how everything fits together. I probably should study the instructions again anyway before each season's inaugural launch just to keep the nomenclature straight. I couldn't remember the name of the main sprit when my brother asked shortly after this year's launching. Now that my nephew and two nieces were taking sailing lessons, I had to be more precise about terminology. A zealous student's eager corrections can be embarrassing to a senior sailor. So I resolved to review my instructions before I took them sailing again.

We got the boat down the ramp and off the trailer, using all the tricks I'd learned about in earlier launchings. A hammer, pliers and spray lubricant came in handy when a couple of launching glitches arose. Corrosion had seized the trailer socket fasteners and the trailer strut wheel. A spritz of oil and whack of the hammer freed them up.

Launching our Micro is a little more complicated than most boats because it sits up high on the trailer. The builder wanted her to ride with the deck parallel to the road so that, when parked, the boat's cabin could be used as a level floored camper. Since the keel pushes her up several inches higher than the hull, the bunks need to be just higher in order to keep her level. This means that when launching we need to push the trailer several feet deeper into the water than other boats. In order to do this, the builder designed a trailer extension out of two 2"x4"s epoxied together with its own coupler socket at one end.

The idea is for the launcher to drive the trailer down the ramp and into the water, continuing until the tow vehicle's rear tires are at the waterline, then drop the trailer strut, chock the submerged trailer wheels (we use bricks) and unhitch the trailer. Then the launching vehicle needs to drive back up the ramp about eight feet and park in order to lash on the trailer extension. The driver needs to clamp the socket onto the trailer hitch ball, put the strut wheel down to raise the end of

## Cape Cod Harbors

### Launching in a Breeze

By Rob Gogan

the trailer off the pavement, then lash the extension to the trailer tongue.

The reason the hammer comes in so handy is that sometimes the socket lock gets a little corroded and won't go down, even with vigorous fist whacks. The hammer will take it down though. I always have my polycarbonate sunglasses with their safety protection in case a rusty shard flies up unexpectedly. It's not unlikely, due to the vigorous efforts caused by the urgency of opening up the launching ramp if anyone else is waiting. Even the thought that another launcher might come is enough to pump the adrenaline and make me hurry things up. So I am glad to have the protection of Lexan sunglasses as I flail away like John Henry.

The driver then restarts the car and pushes the trailer another eight feet down the ramp, which will enable the boat to float free of the bunks. The launcher then must either go back and anchor the hull in a safe place or have a spotter (Frann in today's launch) to tend the boat and keep her afloat. Next, the driver pulls the entire rig up the ramp another eight feet again, rechocks the trailer wheels, parks the car and unlashes the bar. Once the extension bar is off and the trailer rehit to the car, the driver takes the car and trailer up to a parking spot while the boat floats, tended by the spotter. Frann has learned to slip on water shoes so that her street shoes and socks can stay dry to warm her wet feet after launching. Frann also usually wears her bathing suit because she knows she may end up wading at least waist deep. She needs to walk back and forth to keep the bow pointing upwind. It is important to keep the boat afloat if the tide is going out because if she snags on the bottom it may be impossible to push her off until the next high tide.

Once we got the boat beached next to the launch ramp and couldn't push off. Luckily a returning boater with a beefy inboard outboard tied up to our long towline and pulled us off. I had to do a quick boarding pirate's scramble up the steps of the bow transom to secure the Micro once floating.

Once launched on this season's inauguration, we had her riding in shallow water on the 10lb anchor. Frann kept her from snagging on the bottom while I drove the car and empty trailer up off the ramp and into a bus length trailer parking space. I reconnected the light bar and its wiring and made sure the running lights were working again. Then we switched places and I rigged up the Micro while Frann drove the car and trailer back to my mother's house. The goal was to launch, rig and set the boat on our neighbor's mooring before the bad weather came in. The cloudy, breezy weather didn't make sailing a pleasant option. In fact, I put a reef in the main to get across the harbor while Frann drove the empty trailer back to the house.

Putting up the main mast is the trickiest part of rigging up the Micro. It weighs about 80 pounds and balances well on my shoulder around the snotter line block. The awk-

ward part is to move the base up to the nose and lower it gently into the mast partner hole. This needs to be well controlled because if I drop the mast down too fast I could damage or even puncture the hull. If I bring the base too far forward it can get jammed into one of the step holes in the bow transom. At the same time, in order to get the mast base into the bow cockpit at the correct angle, I need to stand on the deck while stabilizing myself against any chop. Wake waves are somewhat reduced by the Micro's lead weighted keel, but most sailboats are tipsy at rest and raising the mainmast to one's shoulder lifts the center of gravity and accentuates the wobbles.

I planned to sail to Mrs Pierce's mooring. I had called Mrs Pierce earlier to see if we could borrow the mooring again. She was pleased that I had asked. Mrs Pierce had sold the boat that used to be moored there since her husband's death a few years ago. She still keeps the mooring because there is always a chance that someday one of her children or grandchildren would want to use it. Also, once you have a mooring, you are loath to abandon it. The wait for a legal mooring in some Cape Cod harbors can be 20 years or more. For the past three summers, though, I was the only one to use Mrs Pierce's mooring. We gave her a bouquet of flowers or a lobster roll each year. She was always glad to see the mooring used.

Then Frann would paddle out to pick me up in the "Fred," our two person kayak. The weather was a little choppy and there were gray cumulo nimbus clouds building up. I was happy to snag the mooring line on the first try. The operation involves three steps. First, I must cut forward progress and turn the boat into the wind, putting the sails "in irons." This slows the boat enough to enable the second step, fishing the mooring line out of the water. Some mooring owners tie one or more smaller buoys to the main one to provide as wide a target as possible for the next step, hooking the mooring. This requires a boathook or similar tool in order to pull the mooring line up to tie onto the cleat. I use a cup hook attached to the handle of one of the oars so I don't have to lash down another long shaft (along with my oars) all the time.

Third, I need to make the boat fast to the mooring. If it takes too long to tie up the mooring line to the bow cleat, sooner or later the wind is going to catch the sails and start moving the boat. Thus it is helpful to drop the sails so that the boat offers less resistance to the wind. On this first sail of the season I particularly wanted to cleat up a line that ran through the bow chock and then back to a cleat accessible from the cockpit. With this setup I could tie the boat up to the mooring line while still keeping access to the tiller, sheets and halyards.

But Frann launched right on schedule and dragged the kayak into the increasing chop to paddle out to get me. She was laboring hard but managed to get through the waves. When she was about 20 feet away, she said something which I couldn't hear over the wind and waves thumping the moored hull of the Micro. She stopped paddling to say again, "Sorry I took so long," though I had only just finished securing everything.

"It's OK," I shouted. In the ten seconds it took for this exchange, the bow of the kayak fell off the wind and the craft quickly turned 90 degrees and started slipping back towards shore. Frann struggled to get the bow of the kayak back into the wind, but she



just couldn't do it. "Paddle backwards!" I shouted, thinking that she'd get more steering leverage if she were closer to the bow. She disagreed, couldn't paddle that way or didn't hear me as she kept on paddling forward to bring the kayak up into the wind. She struggled at this for a minute, drifting back with every stroke, but then gave up, resolving to go back and relaunch straight into the waves from the beach. I knew from such paddling myself that it is much easier to keep the kayak going straight into a stiff breeze than to restore a windward course once the boat is turned broadside to the weather.

So she drifted all the way back to the beach and got out and stood up to turn the kayak into the wind to relaunch. This time, after launching, she paddled straight and true through all the waves without hesitation until I had the kayak firmly in hand. "I knew I could keep it straight if I launched from shore again," she said.

There was more to do on the boat, as usual. But that could wait until the weekend. I joined Frann in the kayak and we let the wind and waves push us to shore. I made a few quick paddles to orient us perpendicular to the waves. "Turn your blades to catch the wind," I said to Frann. "We don't even need to paddle now." Frann said something I couldn't hear over the wind which I later found out was, "It sure is easier going with the wind."

The sky was still dark, with low black clouds scudding just above the horizon, but there was still no sign of rain. The Micro clung tenaciously to its mooring, though it was porpoising back and forth, straining at its tether. The high freeboard caught the wind and waves disproportionately to its size and it was churning more than any of its neighbors. I watched for a few of its swing cycles, making sure the stern did not pass to leeward of a landmark on the opposite shore. The ground tackle was holding tight. At one point in the arc the Micro traced, the transom seemed to come too close to its moored neighbor, a big inboard outboard. But when I checked the gap between other boats, it looked about the same.

I knew from experience that the Micro's unusual appearance would generate intense scrutiny among those on shore. By leaving the Micro "ship shape in Bristol fashion," I hoped the natives' judgment of the craft would lean towards "strange but well tended" and not "barbaric and sloppy." Frann was humming behind me, a sure sign that she was cold. So I tore my eyes off the pleasing scene of boats well anchored against a stout breeze, and joined her for the walk to the house for hot tea and lunch. We had launched and moored and the next sailing adventure I could manage myself without troubling Frann or burning a drop of gasoline! Mission accomplished.

On the walk to the White House, Frann gave me the bad news that when parking the trailer she had scraped my sister's brand new Lexus, breaking one of her running lights. She had not allowed enough space for the trailer when making the tight turn to park next to the house. I was annoyed with myself as I should have realized Frann wouldn't have had enough experience driving with a trailer to park it in a congested parking area. Fortunately my brother-in-law Alan found a shop that would fix it for less than half the dealer's projected charge of \$800. Since then, I have been the only driver of the trailer.

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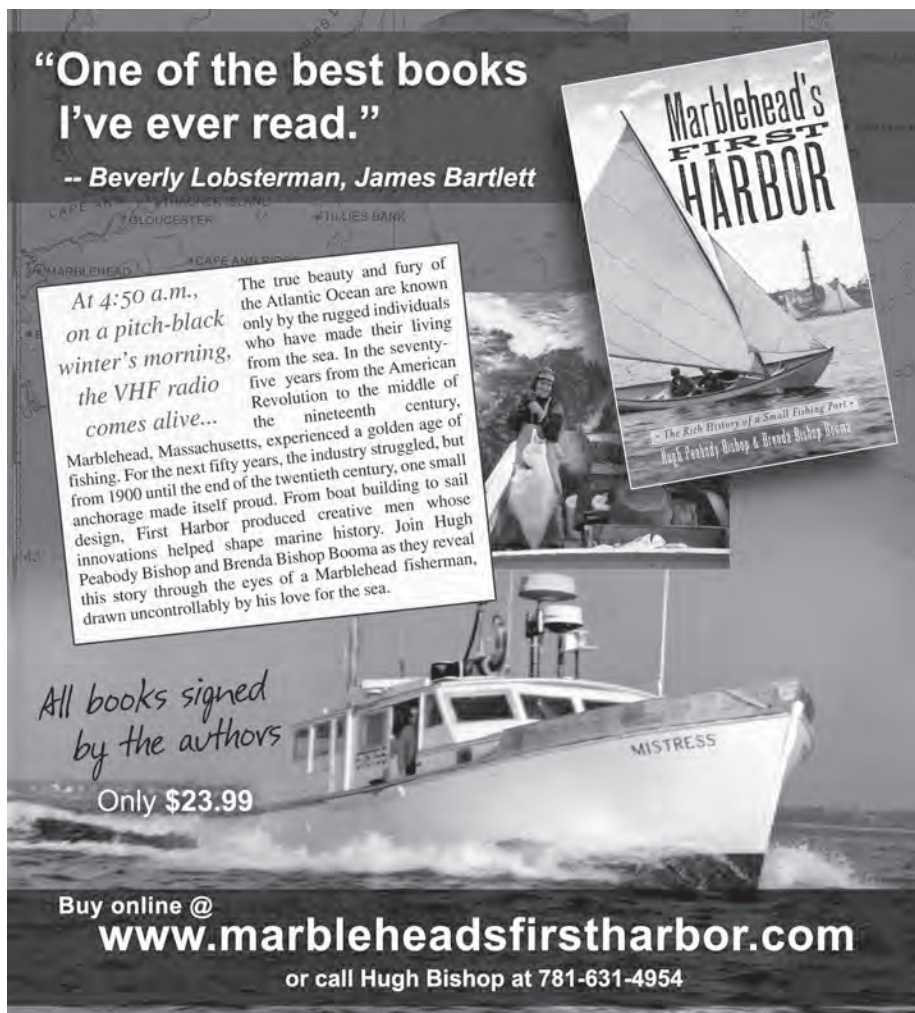
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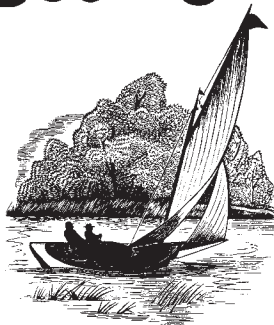
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# Winter Cruising in the B.V.I.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

25 Years Ago  
in **MAIB**



Maybe it's a bit of a long reach to consider cruising around amongst the British Virgin Islands in the Caribbean in February as "messaging about in boats", but I'm going to go for it anyway, since that's what we did from February 4th through the 13th and there were some interesting experiences involved. The operative word here

is "cruising", rather than "sailing", as our boat was a 44' bullet-proof CSY center cockpit cutter built for what is known as the "bareboat charter" trade. What that means is it's made so almost anyone with any basic sailing experience in a modern fiberglass cruising sailboat could take the boat without getting into too much trouble. Ov-

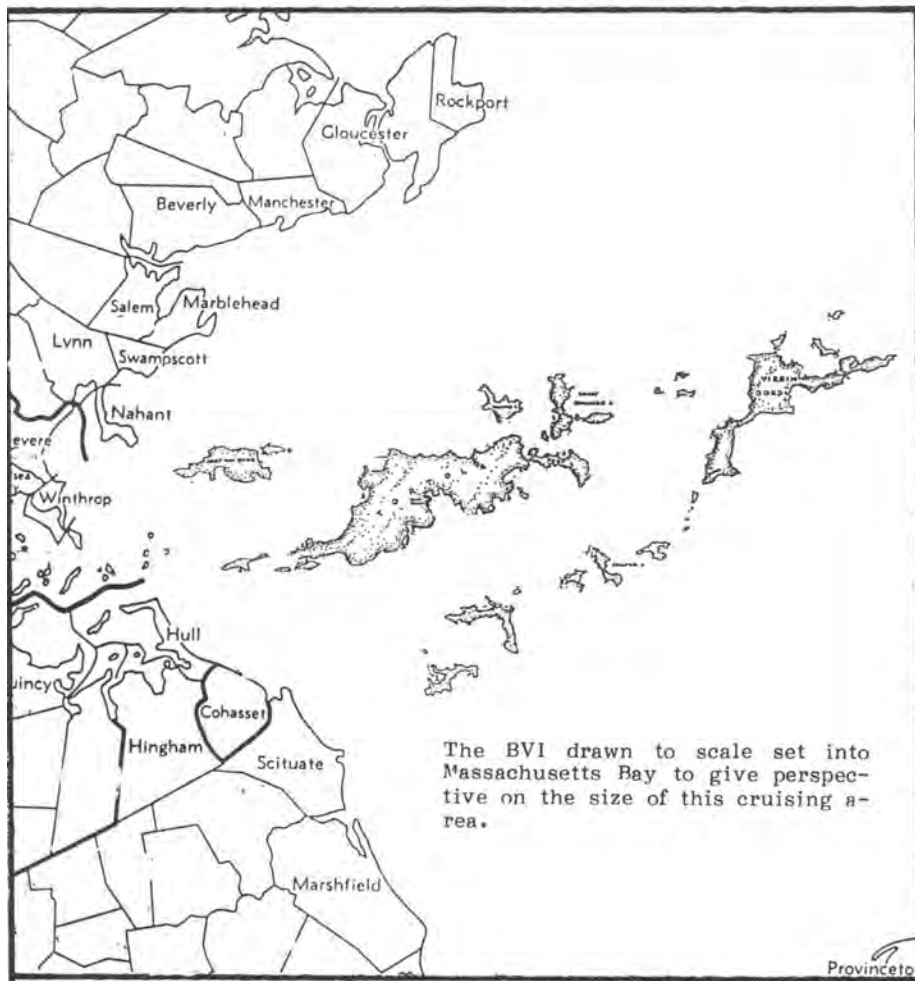
erweight and underpowered, but very, very comfortable.

Somehow or other I had envisioned these fabled winter cruising grounds as being somewhat larger in scale than they were. The Virgin Islands lay off the eastern end of Puerto Rico, and the western-most ones are U.S. possessions, those further east are British. We flew into the British Virgins where the yacht chartered by friends Aaron and Ann was based. The whole archipelago of about 20 islands all falls within a roughly rectangular area about 25 miles east to west, maybe 15 north to south. They'd all fit inside Cape Cod almost, see the little map I did up of Massachusetts Bay with the BVI superimposed to the same scale. No matter where we were, we could see several of the islands at any time. Only one, An- ageda, lay over the horizon, 12 miles north of the rest, and expressly forbidden to most chartering bareboats, due to its extensive reefs.

The appeal here for cruising is the weather, winds and picturesque-ness. It's 70 at night, 80's in the daytime, almost always sunny, the rain we had fell in brief heavy showers over in a few moments. The wind blows from the east, northeast to southeast, it's a "trade wind", and normal breezes are 15 to 30 knots it seems. We did have a couple of light air days, though. Not unheard of, it would seem, for in the CSY book that comes with the yacht, it mentions that the boat cannot be expected to sail very well in light airs, but no matter, for the winds in the BVI are almost always over 15 knots. The picturesque-ness is achieved by crystal clear waters ranging from a deep blue through aquamarine green, steep shored islands which are all sunken mountaintops, and mostly undeveloped shorelines.

The main business of the BVI is yacht chartering. There's no local agriculture (other than local sustenance gardens and livestock), no industry, not even much fishing. There are several major yacht marinas from which one charters both company and privately owned boats. Judging from the names seen on some transoms, a surprising number of which were based in Marblehead, with one even from well inland in Grantham, NH, there are a number of privately owned yachts here being chartered much of the time when the owners are back home earning livings.

Well, our yacht wasn't one of these. The CSY stands for Caribbean Sailing Yachts, and this is a



The BVI drawn to scale set into Massachusetts Bay to give perspective on the size of this cruising area.

Provincetown





We saw some real sailboats at times, these two were even wooden ones, lovely lines and looks. The beaches and waters are awfully attractive. A couple of "traditional" wooden boats we came across, both now derelict.

chartering firm as well as a manufacturer. The CSY yachts are built to the needs of the CSY charters. Big, roomy, comfortable, slow. Ours was an older one, second-handed off to a smaller, more budget level chartering firm. Aaron originally had arranged for a 33' sloop for the two of them. Then he was told it wasn't going to be ready and they'd give him a 37' sloop. That's when we were invited along. When we arrived, that too was being repaired, engine work, and we wound up on this 44' center cockpit cutter. NINETEEN TONS of it! Yes, 38,000 pounds! A BIG boat. With a short rig, 905 square feet in main, jib and staysail. Beam 13'4", draft 6'6".

Let me tell you more about this boat, for it's what we lived on for a long week, and cruised about in. Four of us had all kinds of room, it supposedly "sleeps seven". We took the forepeak and it was very pleasant accommodation. On deck, seven big hatches opening so as to scoop up the breeze when at anchor. In and around the bunks, settees, etc. storage for provisions

and attire for months. TWO showers with hot/cold running water under pressure! A big three part refrigerator/freezer for a month's worth of good eating. 125 gallons of diesel fuel for the big diesel under the cockpit. 400 gallons of water for us water wasting Americans, all those showers and all. The fuel and water tanks had no provision for checking remaining supplies. Who would need to know? Huge cockpit, well up off the water with sun shading bimini top fitted under the main boom so one could sail along out of the direct rays of the tropic sun. Stainless boarding ladder to get up that wall-sided hull to the deck. Big rugged bronze opening ports in all cabins.

What we had was a nice waterfront villa with mobility, we could travel from place to place and enjoy different bits of waterfront each day. What we didn't have was a sailboat. Well, a sailboat that provided sailing satisfactions. Right off upon leaving the Nanny Cay marina and hoisting sail, it became apparent that the boat was very sluggish on the helm, didn't

want to point very high, and wasn't about to move very fast in about a 15 knot breeze. As the breeze that first afternoon was right on our nose out of the northeast, tacking was in order, and the broad angle off the wind that VOYAGER could manage, together with its stately progress, meant it would be quite a while before we reached Salt Island, maybe 5 miles away at most. After a while, we tacked over towards Salt, found we still couldn't point high enough yet to make it, and fired up the diesel to "motorsail" to our first evening's anchorage. That was the way it would be, mostly motoring into adverse winds, sometimes motorsailing, just one day with a nice reach in 25 knots. On that trip from Virgin Gorda headed west towards the Camanoes and the north side of Tortola with a southeast wind on our beam, we even got the rail down, by dint of sheeting in everything hard on the beam reach. Apparently this was VOYAGER'S favored sailing mode, reaching in a strong breeze.

So it wasn't a sailing ad-





THE CSY 44 center cockpit cutter, 19 tons of floating accommodations. It looked its best at anchor. All sorts of hatches gave it fabulous interior ventilation at anchor, made for comfortable sleeping.

venture. It was a cruise. We did the touristy things one would conventionally do on a Caribbean vacation, cruised amongst the islands, anchored often, visited shoreside attractions, ate out in scattered restaurants at times, snorkeled on coral reefs, eyeballed other boats (some of which really were sailboats), enjoyed meeting some of the locals, peeked at the plush "resort" style of life where mountaintop villas could be rented complete with cook, maid and driver for \$3,500 a night. That sort of thing. Not really messing about in boats. But a pleasant vacation.

I had hoped to track down some indigenous boatbuilding. It was reported in one of the cruising guides that the center of the BVI boatbuilding was in Fat Hog Bay on Tortola. On our last day we motored into that bay, and cruised the shoreline. No sign of building. One sort of garage building with a couple of boats high and dry tilted over on keels and bilges, nobody around. We didn't go ashore. Later our taxi driver told us the guy who used to build there had moved off islands. Since there is little apparent fishing done there, who needed boats? The charter trade is all on big U.S. and Canadian built yachts and motor sailers and trawler yachts. The local service trade runs around in the typical outboard fiberglass skiff. On the beach at Salt Island was a weathered old lapstrake round bottom skiff with a

wineglass transom, way beyond its useful life. On the beach at Cane Garden Bay, another round bottom lapstrake skiff with much missing planking. No luck, if anyone in the BVI is building indigenous boats, we didn't run across them.

One aspect of messing about that was noticeable at our base on Nanny Cay was the number of "yachts" ashore in the boatyard there. I was surprised, it was a pretty full lot. I sort of expected just about all the boats would be in the water. But it appears several factors exist that create this on-shore boatyard assemblage. People who are not using their boats can store far cheaper ashore than on the docks. Others were getting their boats ready, just like springtime around here. Still others were engaged in obviously long term repair and restoration work, just like around here. And then there were those which were at the end of the dream, that world cruise that got this far. These are more in the weeds, more faded and derelict in appearance. Often with equally forlorn "For Sale" signs. Virtually all of the boats are pretty big, 30 footers or more, "cruising boats", nearly all sail or motor/sail. I saw several wooden hulled craft, nice lines, bad shape. Again the bulk were bulky, big deep draft, heavy displacement stuff, Westsail type. Even a CSY like ours was ashore undergoing refinishing, and we got

a good look at the underbody. Plump! We were told you can get some pretty good buys on bigger cruising sailboats here.

Virtually no small daysailers were in evidence. We saw a few in Gorda Sound, an idyllic sheltered bay on Virgin Gorda with good breezes and protected from ocean swells. No rowing craft, aside from one Small Craft recreational shell a young woman was working on, on the beach at Cane Garden Bay. She was from Long Island, married to a BVI citizen, and brought her recreational shell with her. The locals ALL outboard around in skiffs of fiberglass, big and small. It would be quite a nice sailing area for smaller boats. Paddling too for sea kayakers, come to think of it. Inside the island perimeter, the ocean swells are flattened right down, there are all sorts of bays and short inter-island trips to enjoy. The breeze is usually more than adequate. Shallow draft boats could go right in over the reefs where no seas were breaking, and beach in many spots. Our typical deep draft monster had to always anchor off a way, and avoid the reefs religiously. Some of the passages between the islands cannot handle a 7 foot draft, even with the miniscule local tide range of about 18".

Shore access is pretty commonplace. Some of the islands are privately owned en toto, those with no development on them are not posted. We went ashore on Laurance



Rockefeller's Sandy Cay where a sort of locally indigenous botanical garden is maintained, a lovely spot. On Peter Island, a plush resort owned by Amway, the beach signs announce that visiting yachtsmen are welcome to day use of the golden, palm lined sands and translucent snorkeling waters. Maybe you'll stop for lunch at their beach bar, if you have the cash. On Salt Island, a tiny colony of poverty sits by a salt pond, it was weird to watch darkness come over it, the few locals disappear into their shacks, and NO LIGHTS appear. Up with the sun, to bed with the sun. On Guana Island, site of a resort for some corporation, the golden sands featured discrete signs announcing that this was a private beach, and if you came ashore, "you would be asked to leave". Nicely phrased. Other settlements had uncrowded public beaches. The marinas and private shoreside resorts usually were clearly posted as no docking except for customers. All told, there was plenty of opportunity to anchor, go ashore in the dinghy and hike around.

Not much concern was expressed about pollution. Ashore, the marinas and resorts are immaculate, but one local village we visited had two open septic "pools" right out next to the golden sands and "main street". Trash lay about hither and yon. Afloat, the boats all use the old style pump overboard heads, no holding tanks. An interesting note on this subject in our CSY book went like this: "Due to the clarity of the water in the islands, do not use the head while one of your boat mates is swimming." I guess the millions of fish and other sea organisms make short work of the biodegradables flushed out of a thousand yachts every day. Certainly the water is crystal clear and thoughts of pollution just never occurred except when flushing that head. It is apparently not a problem.

Well, I don't know the total count of charter yachts available in these islands. We were there just as the height of the season was at hand, but I could always easily count the handful of sail up within our horizons. Aaron, who cruises way down east in Maine in a Klepper, island to island, kept mentioning "look at all the boats in here" as we'd enter an anchorage. But I had visions of Salem Sound in summer with several thousand sail and powerboats all out there in a smaller scale area, and so I didn't see many at all in the BVI. You could always spot the marinas and resorts from offshore, forests of spars clustering together. Far and away most of the boats we saw were so moored all week. And on the weekend too. And this isn't a weekend sailing place, it's a vaca-



Two in the boatyard. The Westsail SKOOKUM BELLE was about ready to go into the water, big and fat but finely finished. The big steel motor sailer was rusting away, abandoned in the weeds.

tion sailing (well, cruising) place. I can't explain it, but most of the boats were parked.

We had a most of a day to spend before a late afternoon flight home, and the big CSY had been turned in, so we took the local ferry trip over to Charlotte Amalie on St. Thomas in the American Virgin Islands. About a 15 mile trip, took 45 minutes in the 125 foot steel diesel powered passenger only (no vehicles) ferry. Charlotte Amalie has a huge harbor, full of yachts, with four big Cunard cruise liners docked, and the shopping district packed with all sorts of "trinket" shops, jewelry, perfume, etc. It's a "free port", no duty, no taxes. The big cruise ships disgorge their swarms upon docking and they sweep through town shopping. That's part of that way of cruising, I guess.

Interesting to note was the way the skippers made our return trip. We were in NATIVE SON a bright green craft. The competing firm owns BOMBA CHARGER, done up in blue. We both left Charlotte Amalie at 12:30 for return to Tortola, and the race was on. Neck and neck we charged along, up through the channels between the islands. Our skipper elected to take us through narrows alongside some breaking reefs, and BOMBA CHARGER got a bit ahead. These guys seemed to be enjoying their daily "races" and their local knowledge enabled them to cut past reefs of the sort we'd been giving very wide berth to earlier in the week. Travel on the water is a routine for the locals, after all there's water everywhere you turn on this collection of lovely islands under the Caribbean sun.



## The International Scene

Industry experts urged faster vessel scrapings as one solution to the overbuilding that has led to excess ships and low charter prices.

Large product tankers face competition from newbuild aframax crude oil tankers with their clean tanks.

VLCC sailing speeds remained slow in the fourth quarter of 2011 due to high bunker prices.

New Zealand's Ports of Auckland made a "best and final offer" to striking dockworkers. It was rejected.

## Thin Places and Hard Knocks

(some samples)

Ships sank or capsized: The Turkish-flagged freighter *Dogu Haslamani* issued a distress signal from international waters between the Greek islands of Samos and Chios. The skipper of the half-sunk ship refused assistance from Greek authorities, saying he would wait for Turkish rescuers. (Greece and neighboring Turkey are at odds over Aegean Sea boundaries, including who has jurisdiction in search and rescue operations.) The 12-strong crew was picked up by another Turkish cargo ship.

The offshore supply vessel *Int'l Hunter* capsized and sank 30 miles southeast of the Sabine Jetties in Port Arthur, Texas, after striking a submerged object. Four crewmembers and three passengers quickly abandoned ship.

The Chinese cargo ship *Changda 216* capsized off the northern Philippine province of Cagayan, killing two but 13 others were rescued.

Off Molasses Key in the Florida Keys, the 25' dive boat *Get Wet* started sinking. Two of the eight passengers were trapped in the cabin, both were unconscious when rescued and one couldn't be revived.

The Cambodian-flagged fishing vessel *Ginga* sank in Russia's La Perouse Strait, which lies between the Sea of Okhotsk and the Sea of Japan. Three bodies were found while "two trawlers, a Russian helicopter, a rescue vessel, two steamboats and a Japanese maritime safety department ship" searched for five possible survivors. The vessel could have been poaching in the waters on the Russian-Japanese maritime border.

The crew of Russian drilling rig *Kolskaya* was waiting for a helicopter rescue when the rig capsized in a fierce storm about 125 miles off Sakhalin Island in Russia's Far East. Over 50 of the 67 people on board died. (Only 20 should have been on board.) The rig was being towed by a tug and an icebreaker. The rig wasn't supposed to be towed in wintertime.)

Somewhere northeast of Luzon Island, the bulk carrier *Vinalines Queen* went missing on Christmas Day. One seaman was found on a raft six days later. The ship was carrying 54,400 tons of nickel ore, a known ship killer when wet, from the Indonesian port of Morowai to China. The ship's owner hired ships and a helicopter to extend the initial four-day search by governmental agencies.

Groundings spoiled some skippers' days: In spite of having a Ukrainian pilot on board, the Turkish bulk carrier *Gökay-K* ran aground in the northern part of the Kerch Strait when the vessel's draft exceeded the channel's depth by 7.5 metres. Two tugs soon freed it.

The Maltese-registered cargo ship *TK Bremen* ran aground off the coast of Brittany in high winds and torrential rain. The vessel, built in 1982, was too badly damaged to be towed off and the owners were given until April 6 to "deconstruct" the ship and restore the beach at Morbihan.

## Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

Thucydides (471-400 BC) supposedly wrote that "a collision at sea can ruin your entire day" and that truism is valid. Thick fog was blamed for the collision of the chemical tanker *Charleston* and the empty bulk carrier *Harvest Sun* in the Houston Ship Channel just north of the Texas City Dike. The fog was so thick that Coast Guard investigators were unable to get to the scene. (A photo showed that the bow of a tanker was invisible from the bridge and the fog persisted for days.)

The container ship *Hyundai Confidence* "came in contact" with the coal carrying bulk carrier *Pacific Carrier* 17.7 miles southwest of the South Korean island of Yokjido. Both heavily damaged ships remained stuck together while salvors figured out what to do next.

The Russian fishing vessel *Sparta* radioed for help after it was holed by ice in the Antarctic's Ross Sea while fishing for Antarctic toothfish. The 48-metre vessel had a 30-centimeter hole in the hull 1.5 meters below the waterline and was taking on water and listing 13°. It landed many of its crew of 32 onto the ice while efforts were made to pump out the incoming water.

A RNZAF Hercules dropped pumps, fuel and supplies after two seven-hour flights from New Zealand, and other vessels made efforts to reach the sinking vessel. The New Zealand vessel *San Aspiring* pulled out after its crew determined the more than 470 nautical mile journey was too dangerous.

The Norwegian vessel *Sel Jevaer* was only 19 miles away but was hemmed in by ice and unable to proceed. *Sparta's* sister ship *Chiyo Maru No. 3* slowly made its way towards the stricken vessel but remained days away and finally gave up.

The *Sparta's* owners chartered the big South Korean icebreaker *Araon*, which happened to be in a South Island port in New Zealand, and it reached the *Sparta* a week later, appropriately enough, on Christmas Day. A cement box inside the hull and an outside metal patch made the *Sparta* seaworthy and it followed the *Araon* through 100 miles of ice floes to the open sea.

There were fires and explosions: Three crew members of the Russian nuclear powered icebreaker *Vaygach* were killed and another was injured in an accommodations area fire. The shallow draft ship has 50,000hp and is designed to break ice in rivers and estuaries. The vessel was "moored in the estuary of the Yenisei River near the village Karaul, located on the Taimyr Peninsula in the Krasnoyarsk Krai" and an extensive research revealed only that a krai is "a federal subject of Russia." Got that?

Miscellaneous accidents included some "oops!" events: The Dutch tug *RT Leader* was towing the barge *H-332* laden with three used container cranes from Amsterdam to Rotterdam when one of the towering 300-ton cranes toppled into the main shipping channel from Rotterdam to Scandinavia. About a metre of the crane was above water but the new navigation hazard was buoyed off anyhow.

In heavy weather, the freighter *Ostee* lost two mobile homes overboard while voy-

aging from Hull to Gdansk so it headed for Den Helder and its anchorage to tighten lashings on three other mobile homes.

In Holland's Friesland province, the skipper of the inland container ship *Fides*, carrying 100 empty containers, misjudged how high water was in the Princess Margriet Canal. Several containers hit the underside of the Borgum Bridge and folded up. One container was left dangling after *Fides* forced its way through.

## Gray Fleets

China's homebuilt subs are loud. The subs, except for a dozen Russian-made subs, can be detected as far away as 25 miles in what is known as the "first convergence zone," a ring where outward bound sound waves pack close together. The subs include the two *Jin*-class ballistic missile subs that are in service, both are louder than Russian *Delta III*-class submarines produced three decades ago.

The Portsmouth Naval Shipyard at Kittery, Maine, sent about 350 skilled workers to its San Diego detachment and they completed an extensive Pre-Inactivation Restricted Availability on the nuclear submarine *San Francisco* (SSN-711) in 56,000 man days instead of a scheduled 63,000-plus man days, thereby saving the Navy \$2.45 million. (The work consisted of alterations, repairs, maintenance and testing.)

After futilely using a helicopter and tugboats to battle a towering fire in wooden scaffolding over the Russian *Delta IV* missile submarine *Yekaterinburg*, naval authorities put out the fire by partially submerging the sub. Nine people were injured fighting the fire but there was no radiation leak. (The sub launched an intercontinental ballistic missile from the Barents Sea firing range as recently as July.)

Shortages of skilled manpower have been affecting the operational performance (particularly by its submarines) of the Royal Australian Navy so it plans to recruit surplus Royal Navy personnel. The Senior Service will eliminate 5,000 jobs, reducing its numbers to just 30,000 as part of a plan to slash the UK's defense budget and many have the skills Australia needs. (In an interesting size comparison, the US Coast Guard had approximately 42,000 men and women on active duty, 7,500 reservists, 30,000 auxiliary members and 7,700 fulltime civilian employees as of August 2009.)

And New Zealand's Navy is also attempting to recruit ex-Royal Navy specialists. However, submariners need not apply because New Zealand doesn't operate subs.

The Royal Australian Navy broke a glass ceiling when it created its first female admiral. She joined the Navy in 1991 as a lieutenant and is the first female sailor to take on the job of Australian Defense Force's surgeon general.

A retired Navy commander was sentenced to three-and-a-half years in prison for faking an injury in the terrorist attack on the Pentagon. He was awarded a Purple Heart and Meritorious Service Medal after he claimed he was injured by falling debris as he raced back into the Pentagon to help his fellow comrades. He also received \$331,000 in compensation for claimed constant pain in his neck, headaches, weakness and numbness in his left hand and elbow, but two months after the attack he ran in the New York Marathon.

Pink warships? The US Navy's Type 2/3 Low Solar Absorbance haze gray paint often weathers to pink so the service will use a more expensive, trickier to apply but better weathering Type 5 polysiloxane paint.



## White Fleets

Passengers on the cruise ship *Costa Deliziosa* may have thought they were about to start a round the world cruise from Savona, Italy, but the first stop was in drydock No 8 at the Chantier Naval de Marseille shipyard because of a major but unspecified technical problem. Many of the 2,000 passengers stayed onboard after port authority had hurriedly positioned gangways around the 320-metre drydock and arranged parking areas for tour buses and taxis.

The *Bahamas Celebration* had an engine room fire that was extinguished in due course but the fire left air quality so poor that the Freeport to Palm Beach cruise was canceled.

The *MSC Poesia* ran aground at Port Lucaya near Freeport. Five tugs freed the vessel.

## Those That Go Back and Forth

In eastern Indonesia, a wooden ferry carrying people home for the Christmas holidays sank in stormy weather. Most of the 100 passengers were rescued.

At Singapore, a lorry driver was eating lunch with a colleague in the cab of his 10-tonne vehicle when it started rolling off a barge. His friend jumped out to safety but the driver died when the lorry plunged into the sea.

Due to a propeller pitch problem, the British Columbia ferry *Coastal Inspiration* rammed the dock at Duke Point at 5 knots, badly damaging the lower vehicle ramp. The ferry then transferred to Departure Bay so passengers and vehicles could get ashore. It will take several months to repair the dock and at least one month to fix the bow of the *Coastal Inspiration* because a new hinge has to be made in Germany, where the ship was built.

In Kenya at Lamu, a policeman tried to prevent an overloaded small ferry from leaving but was talked out of it by the ferry operator. Soon after, in the dark of night, the ferry collided with a vessel loaded with oil drums. At least 23 of 82 passengers died. A new water ambulance equipped with first aid facilities and oxygen tanks, a gift from an international donor, remained moored throughout the rescue, the government had provided no funds for fuel or an operator.

(The worst ferry disaster was in 1987 when 4,386 men, women and children lost their lives in a huge fireball that enveloped the Philippine ferry *Dona Paz* after it collided with the coastal tanker *Vector* in the Sibuan Sea.)

A Seattle man made deliberate arrangements before jumping off the *Cathlamet* as it ping ponged between Clinton and Mukilteo. He mailed his house key to his parents and left his laptop computer in the apartment before quietly stepping off the ferry into the night. Passengers took flashlights and helped in an unsuccessful search.

Passengers boarded the *Blue Puttees* for a voyage from North Sydney, Nova Scotia, to Port aux Basques, Newfoundland, but bad weather kept the ferry in port and people on board for two days. The ferry company provided free meals and shuttles for passengers who wanted to disembark for a few hours and explore North Sydney.

Obesity rules! Because the US Coast Guard recently raised the weight of the average adult passenger to 185 pounds from 160 pounds, the legal carrying capacity of a 2,000-passenger ferry will drop by about 250 people.

Who will harvest and process Florida's crops in the coming years? A ferry service, starting later this year, between Tampa and the peninsula of Yucatan in Mexico may help attract migrant workers. Currently they are

based from Mexico to Florida, a trip taking between two and three days that costs an average of \$220 per passenger. A ferry could make the 500-mile trip from the Yucatan to Tampa in about 28 hours at a cost of \$190 per passenger.

In Hong Kong, popular demand meant a larger ferry was put into service to carry mourners wanting to scatter cremation ashes at sea near the West Lamma Channel or Tung Lung Channel. The free trips are operated twice a month and a funeral director is on board to assist the relatives organize memorial tributes.

## Legal Matters

Federal agents were waiting when the tanker *Sanko Venture* docked at Corpus Christi, Texas. Two stowaways jumped overboard but were captured and agents found 94 pounds of cocaine and more than five pounds of heroin in two nylon bags.

## Imports

Finnish authorities were surprised to find 160 tons of explosives mismarked as fireworks and surface to air missiles on the British-flagged cargo ship *Thor Liberty*. The ship had left the German port of Emden and stopped at Kotka in Finland to pick up a cargo of anchor chains before heading to Shanghai. The cargo was 69 legal (but improperly marked and packed) surplus German-owned Patriot missiles being sent to South Korea.

A boat carrying more than 250 people from Afghanistan, Iraq, Iran and Turkey was heading to Australia in search of a better life but more than 200 passengers went missing when "the boat became unsteady 20 miles (32 kilometers) off Java's southern coast, people started panicking, causing it to sway violently back and forth until finally it capsized." Forty-nine people were rescued, including two children, ages eight and ten, who were found clinging to debris. Survivors said an unidentified group loaded them onto four buses and brought them to a port, promising to get them to Christmas Island, an Australian territory in the Indian Ocean. Indonesian authorities arrested seven people in connection with the sinking and were questioning four others on suspicion that they helped organize the boat journey. Also questioned were three soldiers accused of receiving payment for connecting the migrants with boat owners.

## Nature

Are you a scientist who wants to collect data in deep water but can't afford the necessary mooring? There's now a mooring free boat shaped buoy with a small sail. The buoy can keep a position within two miles in spite of rather severe weather. It can also be programmed to sail a 1,000-kilometer predefined course.

Back in May a barge carrying 2,400 tons of brown sugar hit a bridge in Ayutthaya, Thailand, and sank. The melting sugar created an oxygen depriving pollution that killed millions of fish being raised in submerged baskets.

The geared bulkier *Tycoon* went ashore on West Australia's Christmas Island. It ended up broken in half in the surf and broadside to the dock used to unload most of the island's fresh food and supplies. The ship's bunker oil endangered local sea birds such as the brown booby, brown noddie, Abbotts Booby and frigate bird. The rare Abbott's booby does not breed anywhere else.

Further news on those surprising microbes that ate much of the oil BP spilled last year in the Gulf of Mexico: The presence of much gas (mainly methane, propane and ethane) and cold temperatures (the little bugs

prefer it to be cold!) were keys to their rapid consumption of the plume. Among unknowns to be studied is how this affected the oil spill.

## Metal-Bashing

Indian ship scrappers bought two double-hull VLCCs for \$38 million.

A Japanese shipyard worker in Drydock No 5 at Yokosuka Naval Base died following an accident involving a US destroyer's anchor.

## Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

In Bangladesh in Bhola province, ten pirates wounded in a gunfight with police were later beaten to death by a mob after police recovered the body of an abducted fisherman.

In the Gulf of Aden, the Marshall Islands-flagged tanker *Nordic Apollo* radioed that it was under attack by pirates in a small skiff and another vessel reported "suspicious activity by a skiff." A helicopter from destroyer *USS Pinckney* confirmed that a skiff was carrying the tell-tale equipment of modern pirates including several ladders, weapons and fuel containers and the suspected pirates were seen attempting to cover their weapons with blankets and throwing the ladders overboard.

As a boarding team approached, they ditched five AK-47 rifles, one rocket propelled grenade launcher and three RPG rounds. In the skiff were nine pirate suspects, "one grappling hook, 36 barrels of fuel and 75hp and 45hp outboard engines." The American sailors deep-sixed one of the outboards, to keep the skiff from getting up enough speed to think of coming alongside another merchant ship, but left its crew enough fuel and water to return to shore.

## Odd Bits

The mast of the 32' *Westsail 32* cracked and so the solo American sailor activated his EPIRB, thus ending his seventh attempt to round Cape Horn. He was 84 years old. (The Chilean Navy located him and arranged for the Japanese bulkier *White Kingdom* to pick him up.)

Five hundred feet from its destination, a 130' long 950,000lb cylinder fell off a barge into 120' of water. The cylinder, about 12' in diameter and worth several million dollars, was on its way to BP's Cherry Point refinery in northern Puget Sound where it was to be a reactor to create low sulfur diesel. Two large barge mounted cranes lifted the cylinder, apparently still OK, and it was delivered to the refinery.

What may be the world's oldest purpose built aircraft carrier has been at the Fleet Air Arm's museum at RNAS Yeovilton for careful restoration and preservation. The 1918 Thornycroft Seaplane Lighter, once numbered *H21*, was one of 50 such barges ordered during World War I. Thornycroft used *H21* for years as a cargo barge before it was discarded to rust away on a bank of the River Thames. Towed by a destroyer, each 58' barge had a high speed ship shaped bow and a stern ramp that allowed launching for water takeoff and subsequent recovery of a Curtis H12 flying boat. Alternatively, a wooden flight deck allowed a Sopwith Camel fighter to take off. It either landed ashore or was ditched.

## Head-Shaker

The technology was developed to spot periscopes breaking the surface and missiles skimming across wave tops but now it is being used by British helicopters to detect Afghan camel trains, pickup trucks and insurgents on foot dozens of miles away. Drug traffickers and Taliban terrorists are the main targets.



# Aiona Restoration

## From Primitive Hull To Launch

By Joseph Olejak  
North River Boatworks,  
Schenectady, New York  
October 2010 –  
October 2011



**Starting Point**



When Keith Dayer donated the boat, she had been kept inside quite a bit and the marine plywood was in good shape for the most part, but once I'd inherited her she'd been tarped and the tarp blew off once, getting the hull thoroughly soaked. Once dried out we found a few areas of dry rot along the seams and bit of mildew that needed to be sprayed.

**The Prep Process**



Spraying the interior with vinegar: Because we found mold spores it was necessary to spray the boat with vinegar. Less toxic than bleach and anti-fungal this was an eco friendly option. All interior parts were sprayed until fully soaked and then worked with a stiff brush until wood looked clean.



**The Poke**



Once the vinegar was dry it was time to sand and vacuum. Any parts that looked sketchy were poked with an awl to see if soft parts needed prying out. A few spots along the bottom showed signs of superficial dry rot. These were soaked and filled with epoxy.

**Sanding Down the High Spots**



Twenty years of exposed plywood had lifted the grain. This required a bit of sanding (an understatement). My wrist was so afflicted with vibration from the palm sander I developed a slight case of carpal tunnel (St John's Wort for that)! At one point the on/off switch broke because we'd run it so often.

**First Steps**



The bowsprit cleat was installed, it just needed some shaping and 5200 glue.



Howie fitting the corners for the cockpit to give her some curves.



The porthole windows are cut and somehow my "best side" made it into the shot.

**Aiona Takes Shape**



Howie shapes the mast pole: Using hand tools Howard Mittleman shapes the mast pole into an octagon to meet the mast.





Creating hatch cover: This fine piece of joinery fit the hatch like a glove.



Gluing up taffrail: Five clamps and lots of shims "helped" position two strips of Spanish cedar into place.



Forward locker cover: Hatch cover will fit over this frame for holding ropes and sails.

#### Positioning the Bits



Shaping the gaff: To ready the sails there needed to be a gaff running from the throat of the sail to the peak. A guest of Howard helped to fashion the jaws of the gaff. Here the gaff pole is taking shape. All it needs is a bit of sanding and some spar "goo."



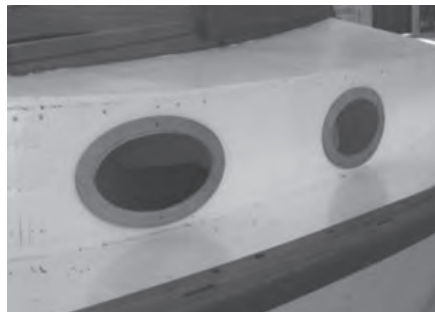
Fitting the hatch: Before gluing the hatch cover down holes were drilled for right position and adjustments made so the slides moved cleanly along the rails.

#### Rudder Assembly



Oak and marine plywood form the outer sandwich of the rudder. In between is an aluminum "kick up" rudder that allows *Aiona* to move into shallow waters without damaging the rudder. She is a shallow draft boat with a substantial keel, but no centerboard; drawing about 10" when floating.

#### The Details



Portholes get Lexan "glass" sandwiched between marine plywood frames.



The traveler arm was fashioned specifically for this boat by steel fabricator.



Where to place the traveler? You'll see!

#### Her Backside



Rub rails and taffrail in place the cockpit needed a bit of work. I set about to mix up a batch of epoxy and filler to fair the low spots created by screws and wood that had been used to round off corners. It was a disaster. The epoxy was old and did not set properly. Four hours of work down the drain with a nasty goopy mess dripping all over the place. In the end it all had to be scraped off and washed down with lacquer thinner and started all over again.

#### The Locker Covers



Installing backer blocks: Setting the backer blocks in place can be a little tricky with interesting angles and not a lot of room for error.





Shaping the cover: This is essentially eyeballing the shape and fashioning a mock cover out of cardboard then cutting with a bandsaw to a shape that is close. No need for perfection because the frame outside the plywood will cover a multitude of sins... and I confess... there were many!



Finished locker cover (sans paint): The framing and glue up on this was fun. No, it was not square! It needed to be laid out, clamped down and lines drawn to estimate the angles. Once angles were cut (we prayed) and hoped the pieces fit back together the way we expected them too. My method was measure once and cut twice. Needless to say, a few mistakes were made.

### Mast Hoops



A jig for cutting  $\frac{1}{2}$ " rings: We were going to use unions made of 4" PVC but too expensive.



Another view of jig setup: The jig gets clamped so it does not move.



Old piece of 4" pipe worked: Cutting this was tricky. The saw wanted to twist the pipe out of my hands. Eye protection a must.



Finished hoops on the mast: A bit of sanding down rough edges and this was a cheap and useful solution for mast hoops.

### Applying Non-Skid Paint



Like a crime scene: Areas of suspected foot placement mapped out.



That cleat is for a buoy or a springline: The blue taped areas are likely spots where a foot might go.



Shark tooth non-skid grit: A patch gets painted and while it is still wet we sprinkle this grit on it. It sticks and we don't slip.



Top of hatch strip: Notice hardware on mast for boom and hinge for dropping mast.

### Boom, Rudder and Bowsprit



Finished fitment of bowsprit: Once the spars were covered in goop (a blend of linseed oil, Japan dryer, paint thinner and pine tar) things began to fit together nicely and water would bead up on them just like varnish.





Howie set up the rudder temporarily so we could figure out the tiller, the traveler and where to place the pintles. When I saw the tiller clamped in place, well, that's when it all felt real to me.



One of the guests visiting Howie was an engineer with some fabrication skills. He was kind enough to make this boom swivel out of mending plate and an old piece of galvanized pipe. Notice the hinge on the mast. That mast drops for trailering the boat.



Boom crutch holding boom and mast.



Measuring angles to cut a notch for rub rails.

## First Launch



Trailer lights had a short.



Temporary lights fixed to traveler rail.



At the ramp.



Into the muddy Mohawk swollen from Irene.



Ahoy Captain!



Keith Dayer came for launch.



Marking the water line for bottom paint.



Winching *Aiona* (reluctantly) up onto trailer.



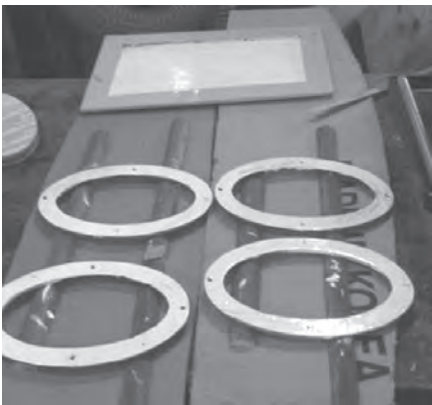
Howie and Keith trade tall tales of boat launches past.



## Porthole Windows



Installing port windows: Because the space between the outside frame and inside frame was so thin it was necessary to put a bevel on the Lexan® to make them fit well. There was an up and down for each window as they were not perfect ovals.

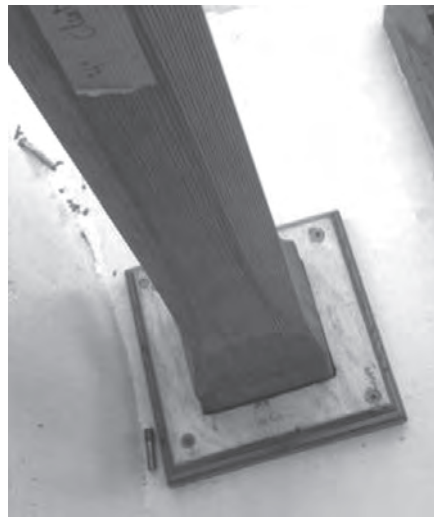


Each frame had a bead of silicone glue to seal it in case of water coming over the rails in a good stiff wind (yes, hoped for). Once the Lexan® was in place eight screws were pushed through and  $\frac{7}{16}$ " nuts threaded on with very slippery silicone fingers.



Port hole frames: Each frame received three coats of marine paint. Sky blue was the finish coat to match locker covers (seen in back up above). The frames were made of marine plywood on purpose to bend to belly of the cuddy.

## Rigging



Mast collar.



Port and starboard stays in place.



Bowstay fitted, too.



Throat of gaff with down haul.



Tack attached to pin holding boom swivel.

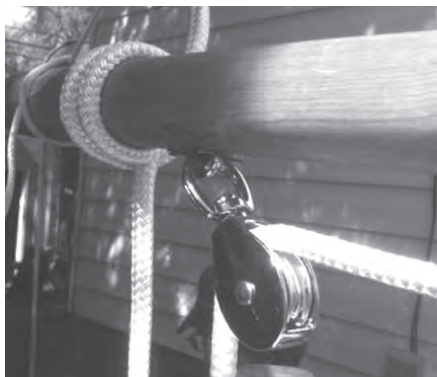


Lashing on temporary boom block.



Main and jib.





3/8" block on boom.



Traveler with block and main sheet.

#### **Odds and Ends**



Permanent blocks: Stainless "U clamps" replace temporary block holders.



Bow eye bolt drilled out: To winch the boat up onto the trailer a lower bolt placement was needed.



Now you see it... Spanish cedar finishing pieces fashioned to complete bow joinery.



Now you don't... Under this bow rub rail a carved scroll will be fashioned over the winter with a naked lady and hull number.



Jib clips to forestay, these just twist on and off.



Mast hoops lashed: A 13" length of 3/16" rope looped twice and knotted.



Grommets installed on foot: 1/4" line looped around boom provides support for foot of sail. A jam cleat is on end for outhaul.



New shackle for tack on main: This shackle has two openings; one fixed and one we can open. Brass cleats for mast lines: Jib halyard, peak halyard and throat halyard are screwed and bedded to mast.

#### **Hey, It Works!**



Testing the main sheet. A light breeze had picked up just as we finished rigging the mainsail so we got the chance to see the traveler move starboard and actually hauled down on it to bring boom back to center. I was thrilled! You can't see them, but there are some very happy feet dancing in the cockpit. To hear the sound of creaking wood and rope on metal is something that makes a sailor's heart sing. All we need to complete this task is a few cam cleats to hold lines.

#### **Time with My Girls**



Rhea paints the transom: This girl gave me eight hours of work to ready the boat for our Columbus Day sail... superb work darling!



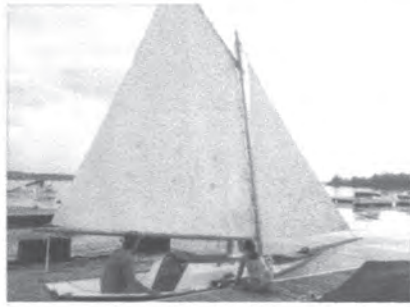
Manon helped lace mainsail: We looped the line through the grommets we'd just hammered in. Time with girls was great!



# Columbus Day Launch



At dock



sails up



gorgeous day, no wind



My two first mates



Manon & Rhea like the boat



Posing for Cosmo



Posing for Glamour



still no wind :(



back on the trailer





## Artistic Rendering



Manon made an artistic rendering of the launch in the truck on the ride home. I love the level of detail in this picture. I was immediately drawn to the lacing holding the sail on the boom, the port windows and the bowsprit. The best part was watching them hesitate to get on the boat initially (“...it’s too tippy Daddy!”) and how this gave way to who was going to steer the boat back to the launch pad after we’d taken down the rig.



*Aiona Shall Be Her Name*



In honor of Theo Erik. *Aiona* was a Waldorf school that Theo built in the Albuquerque foothills of New Mexico. The name comes from the isle of Iona in the Western Hebrides of Scotland, a place of early Christendom. There is a church and cemetery there I have walked through. The “A” is from America. The symbol of the fish and the dove represent peace and love; enduring symbols in these troubled times. Theo was my mentor when I was in seventh grade and having a really hard time with school and life. He helped me through the quiet pedagogy of woodworking. This boat is a homage to Theo. Thank you my friend. You are sorely missed.



## No Man’s Land Project

By Rex and Kathie Payne

Twenty-five percent done, now we get to sand, and sand, and sand, and sand; glass, and sand, and paint and sand. There is a lot more sanding in between there.



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Joe Leiner's Melonseed.



The first four built.



Bill Doll in *Miss Kate*.



*Fletcher*.

Five in one.



# The Cortez Melonseeds

## How They Came to Be

By Dave Lucas  
Lucas Boatworks and Happy Hour Club  
(941) 704-6736



Irwin Schuster's illustration.

This is a brief history of the "Cortez" Melonseeds that will let you see how these fantastic little boats came to be. Here's a collection of some of the boats built. I've included a beautiful illustration by Irwin "Pop-I" Schuster, notice the sail has no battens. All of the boats are exactly the same except for the cockpits, they're all are a little different.

Roger Allen designed this hull by enlarging a classic 13' Melon that had been built by one of his mentors, Joe Liener, the ultimate traditional builder up in St Michaels, Maryland. Roger went on to become one of the true masters himself, ran several big maritime museums and is currently up in Buffalo getting the new Buffalo Maritime Center off the ground, he sends me pictures of ice once in a while.

You can Google him and see all the stuff he's done, and if you run into him and can get a beer or two in him see if you can get him started telling you about taking all the boats over to France. That's a story worth hearing. He's the only human ever to capsize a big Chesapeake Log Canoe in France in front of a million onlookers. He took the lines of this 13' and enlarged it to 15 1/2' and tweaked the rest of the numbers to get a perfect hull shape. He made a super heavy duty building mold and then got busy with work and such and the mold was stuck away in a corner for years.

Way later I was looking around for something to steal from his shop here in Bradenton and came across this mold. He told me the story and got excited to build one so I said "me, too." We set it up and he built the first hull and then I took it home to my shop and over the next five or six years a dozen more were built. Two are here right now about ready to get decked.

Roger got busy with jobs and life (again) and still hasn't finished his #1 but it sure looks good. You can recognize his in these pictures, it's the only lapstrake one. Stan and I actually finished the first two boats and once the hulls were done we had to make up the rest. Roger hadn't drawn the sail rig yet. There are several other 15' designs out there but they have little dinky ass spritsails that you have to crawl on the floor to see under to see what's about to run into you.

We wanted a big gaff sail set high enough to see under while sitting on the deck so we looked at lots of existing sails and picked the Beetle Cat rig. It's 112sf with a high peak gaff and looks good. With the boom 2' off the deck it's a pleasure to sail. We put on wide decks because with these big sails we usually need to sit up there to keep the mast out of the water and if we do capsize it's no big deal, they float on their sides with no water coming into the boat, just push down on the centerboard and they pop right back up.

I've noticed that Mike Wick's new boat, *Moggie*, Cortez Melon #11, doesn't have a wide deck so he's sitting inside a lot and of all the pictures I've seen he's always reefed down. If he goes over he fills up and it's the end so he has to sail very conservatively (someone less refined than me might say he sails like a scared little girl). In the six years I've been sailing my *Laylah* I've never reefed. I have capsized a few times 'cause I like to push it to the limit but I don't worry about it. And it goes without saying that these boats are really, really fast. I think the plans are available from the Florida Maritime Museum at Cortez or maybe Roger Allen if not there.



IMG 72

IMG 74







Josee's.



Laylah.



Pumpkin.



Roger's original, still unfinished!

Sam's.



## The Golden Rule Project

By Fredy Champagne  
VFP Golden Rule Project  
707.599.5378

<http://www.vfpgoldenruleproject>

Our *Golden Rule* Project is to restore the famous 1958 anti nuclear protest boat of that name. Maybe some of your readers would be interested in supporting this restoration when they know more about it. Our plan calls for a ten-year tour of the US coasts, bays, rivers, canals, great lakes and intracoastal waterways.

There has been a great deal of progress lately moving forward with our restoration. The best news is that our shipwright has finished the last plank, the "Whiskey Plank" on the starboard side. Thus, with all of the planking completed, sanding of the hull is progressing, caulking is taking place. We will soon be applying a gleaming new coat of paint. The hull is intact and stronger than original.

We are now planning the interior floor and preparing to replace deck beams and deck. It's an exciting time around the yard these days. See the latest photos on our website's "Restoration Photo Gallery."

The team just completed the recovery of gear and equipment from two boats in Leroy Zerlang's Shipyard. Leroy arranged demolition contracts on two boats for parts, equipment, gear, masts, sails, prop, shaft and a myriad of other valuable material for our own restoration of the *Golden Rule* ketch. Chuck DeWitt, our restoration coordinator, arranged work crews

and volunteers to accomplish stripping these two boats before the demolition and removal.

David Catlett in Georgia shipped us a donation of two usable sails in very fine condition. It is a tremendous gift when supporters are able to help with gear. Thank you, David.

We arranged to purchase 1200bf of clear Port Orford cedar hardwood from Oregon. Chuck managed to drive up to Oregon with a truck and trailer and brought home this load. One half of the cost was a donation from the seller. Many thanks here goes to Chuck DeWitt. We believe we have enough wood to finish the boat, lacking only 12 sheets of 1" marine plywood for the new deck.

We also wish to thank Pierson's Building Materials for a donation of 30 sheets of plywood to enclose our temporary building over the *Golden Rule*. This allows our shipwright, David Peterson, to continue working hard this winter, protected from the cold rain and wind this time of year in Humboldt Bay.

We recently received a grant from the family of Katherine Camp and we thank Nelson Camp and family for their support.

The *Golden Rule* website has been updated recently with new photos. The Facebook page for *Golden Rule* is also being updated with some new material and photos. Our webmaster, Bill Carr, is super valuable to our team, and we appreciate all his hard work on our website. Please visit our website at <http://www.vfpgoldenruleproject>.

We are anticipating sailing operations in Humboldt Bay, California, in the summer of 2012. We are still on track to visit San Francisco Bay during the summer of 2013. We intend to be present in San Francisco Bay every day during the America's Cup Yacht Races.



In recognition of her upcoming centennial, the tug *Delaware* is now being restored to her 1912 appearance in full public view at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St Michaels, Maryland. *Delaware* is a rare example of a typical early 20th century wooden river tug. Built in 1912 in Bethel, Delaware, by William H. Smith, the *Delaware* measures 39'8"x11'4" and is now a floating exhibit. *Delaware* is the product of Bethel's great age of wooden ship and boat building and apart from the 1900 ram schooner *Victory Chimes* (formerly *Edwin and Maud*), may be the only survivor.

In 1929, the tug was bought by James Ireland of Easton, Maryland, who was in partnership with John H. Bailey in a marine construction business. Later, Bailey acquired sole interest in the tug, when she became a common sight around the Upper Eastern Shore of Maryland, engaged in building bulkheads and docks along the Chesapeake until she was laid up in the late 1980s. *Delaware* hauled scows on Broad Creek, often laden with lumber, and towed ram schooners to and from Laurel, Delaware. Occasionally, she carried parties of young people to Sandy Hill for day trips on the Nanticoke River. Coming up on her centennial birthday, *Delaware* is getting some much needed attention.

*Delaware* was hauled out of the water on the Museum's marine railway in early September 2011. Museum Vessel Maintenance Manager Mike Gorman inventoried both the structural and cosmetic upgrades to be completed in time for launch day, followed by a program heavy summer in 2012. Using a combination of historic photos and oral histories taken from those who've worked on *Delaware*, the shipwrights aim to restore her to the authentic appearance of her heyday. The first item was the removal of the lower rub/spray rails which,

## Tug *Delaware's* Historic Restoration Underway



The *Delaware* up on the Museum's marine railway as newly steamed and bent rail pieces were attached to the hull.

over the years, had been cut back further on the hull due to wear. New 2 1/2" square oak rails were attached, beginning at the cutwater and following the beautifully lined planking, three strakes down from the sheer.

During the process of removing the port side planking in the bow, the shipwrights discovered more work than was originally thought would be necessary, due to the lack of limber holes in the frames. Over the years

the standing water in the bow, buried under the stone ballast, had rotted the frame end and floors, exposing a 7' section of keel to be compromised. Working from the keel up, a new section of keelson was fashioned from white oak, with the pre cut frame sockets fastened and glued using traditional pins and clenched nails.

Next up was the fabrication of new frame ends, made of white oak and attached using both epoxy and 10" ship lap scarf. To tie the whole structure together, ten new floors were fabricated and drifted into the keel and then bolted onto the frames. Six new planks of yellow pine have also been bent and fastened. The 1 5/8" thick planks had to be steamed due to the drastic twist from amidships to rabbet on the stem.

Next, the planks will be traditionally faired and caulked, making the bottom ready for a good scraping and fresh coat of paint. Future stages of the project include replacing interior deck beams, sheer clamp and carlins under the engine room cabin. The house will also have to be jacked back up to original height as the scarfed carlins being replaced have settled over the lifetime of the boat. With an estimated completion date this February, *Delaware* will then receive new paint and detailing all around.

(The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum is a non-profit organization dedicated to sharing the stories of the Chesapeake Bay and the people who have shaped their lives around it. The Museum's floating fleet of historic Chesapeake Bay watercraft is the largest in existence and its small boat collection includes crabbing skiffs, workboats and log canoes. The Museum's working boatyard highlights restoration of the Bay's traditional vessels. For more information, visit cbmm.org or follow them on Facebook.



*Delaware's* new rails are quickly taken from the steam box and attached to the tug along the Museum's waterfront campus.

*Delaware's* frames before repairs and after plank removal. A chalk line indicates where the keelson will be replaced.



Sitting in the forward hold Mike surveys the repairs needed.

New frame ends were scarfed and glued on and before the keelson piece was installed.







Vessel Maintenance Manager Mike Gorman inside the tug drifting floors to the keelson as Shipwright Apprentice Ken Philips looks on in the background.

Mike inspects frame end and socket deterioration due to the absence of limber holes.




A new rabbet is established by chopping out the new sockets for the keelson piece.

CBMM Shipwright Apprentice Ken Phillips power planing the new rabbet after the completion of the sockets.




Shipwrights bending the garboard plank to get the proper amount of twist before the final fitting. Yellow pine was prepared in the steam box for almost two hours, giving almost five minutes of working time to bend the plank.

Mike Gorman is the vessel maintenance manager for the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum. He returned to the Museum in the spring of 2011 from Portland, Maine, where he was the woodshop manager of Portland Yacht Services. Mike was a Museum shipwright apprentice from 2006-2007 and worked extensively at the time on the *Delaware* and the Museum's nine log bugeye, the *Edna E. Lockwood*. Mike has worked on various restoration projects with the Coastal Heritage Alliance in Gig Harbor, Washington, and in replanking the schooner *Katherine M. Lee* in Rock Hall, Maryland. A graduate of the State University of New York at Cortland, Mike also attended the New England School of Architectural Woodworking in Massachusetts and the Landing School of Boatbuilding and Design in Maine).

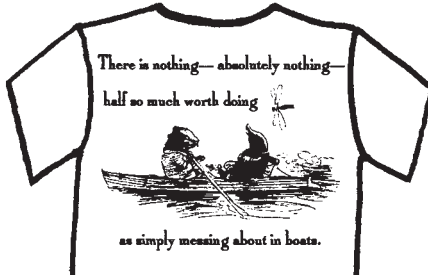


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## Before 'n Afters

In the world of boat building, my *Limerick* project ain't a wart on a bug's butt. But she's looking downright salty in green and antique white nonetheless. The sticks need priming and painting and some masking tape needs to go to the happy hunting ground. But that little girl came back from the moribund rather well.

The gynormous Livingston hull just sort of followed me home this morning. Actually the guy I bought it from was soooooo happy to get rid of it that he delivered all several hundred pounds of it to that very spot in my garage well before the first pot of coffee was cold. What's up with that? I guess he just didn't know what a cool boat he had.



The Livingston will become a junior, junior member of the Snail Mail tug sorority. Yeah, I know, it's SQUARE. But really stable and, since most of my "tugging" seems to be more on the order of pushing anyway, a bluff schnozzola should work out OK. Anyhow, it saved me a couple man hours in starting from scratch. And since Doc Annie has already pronounced me incurable with respect to the SCUZBUM disease, I figure the time saved on the tug will allow for getting the PDR done on sked.



## Keeping Up with Dan

By Dan Rogers

Speaking of incurable SCUZBUMA-RANIA, it appears that my 90 horse mill for *Old Salt* has a bit of an embolism. I get to learn how to do a short block (hopefully just a re-bore and re-ring) job on *Big John* before he's back to work terrorizing the local ponds astern of *Old Salt*. Beginning to look like a scheduling problem for the night shift, eh?

Winding one up, one waiting her turn (patiently?), one just starting, the QA Inspector Arrives and charts on the wall to remind what these floaty things are supposed to be doing.



If I don't get another bright idea in the process (fat chance of that NOT happening) the upturned, really too heavy for how I got it there, catamaran hull will form the basement for what could become one of the few (only?) 11' Catatugs in existence. But in reality, once I get the hull patched and repainted only God knows what will come out the far side of this particular goose.

## Less is More

Well, it happened again. Just when I thought I had things more or less figured out, too. Yep. I was rollin'! Gearing up for what I call "The Race With Winter." Plans were gelling. Initial obstacles identified and dealt with. Rollin', I say.

Then, just like a giant you-know-what in the proverbial punch bowl, I got another bright idea. And just about everything I was working on simply whooshed down that left-handed vortex we all know so well.

It all really started with a New Year's resolution. Today is only the second Monday in January, already that particular res' is in deep trouble. You probably know somebody like this. Fortunately, I didn't tell anybody else about the Great Personal Departure. So nobody really has to know. Except for you. And anybody you might tell.

You see, I resolved this year to do more boating and less building/fixing/modifying between those seasonal bookends known generally as spring and fall. Lately, my once-profligate-Californian-self has squandered a large proportion of good boating weather on things that make no sense. Stuff like mowing the lawn. Stuff like pulling weeds and even paying bills. Stuff that Californians can do most any old time, knowing that the weather will be pretty much just fine whenever they decide to go boating. Those of us who reside close aboard to 48° N/117° W can't be wasting good boating weather.

It's not quite as bad as some Floridians of note would suggest. They'd say we only have four seasons, "Almost winter, winter, still winter and road construction." We actually have a fifth, "boating season." But you

just shouldn't be fixing trailers, painting hulls or, heaven forbid, still be figuring out what the coach roof is gonna' look like.

So my resolution was made with the best of intentions. This year I was "simply" going to fix the broken stuff, paint the scratched up stuff and oil the squeaky stuff. The whole deal was for the fleet to be fully mission capable the very moment local puddles would accommodate a splash instead of a thud. That was the intention. And we all know where that paved road leads to.

As soon as the snowplow was prepped and the snowblower tuned up, I started getting the important things organized. *Lady Bug* and her brand new/50-year old trailer were stored under cover, tires topped up, battery charged, leftover bologna sandwiches removed. The works. *Big Ole*, my peripatetic tow vehicle was winterized and stored away under the same cover. The "someday" project hull that I had almost gutted and almost cleaned up got put back on its trailer and got hauled off to friend Cliff's back lot and propped up to allow a few tons of ice and snow to melt and drain out when temps again mosey above the latitude of San Diego (that would be 32° for the navigationally impaired). All the smaller stuff was stacked, like our recent VP, in an "undisclosed location" adjacent a dense stand of evergreens. And, unlike that VP, put under wraps.

Then, per my incipient NYR, I brought last winter's brain child, *Old Salt*, back into the shop for some simple repairs. Except I had just taken that particular boat to a reputable outboard mech for a "simple" carburetor adjustment. And came away with the probable expectation that *Big John* (the 90 horse two-stroke) would be needing a lung transplant. Less simple than planned. Still within the parameters. Sort of.



About the time I was emptying the unexpended Dinty Moore cans from *Old Salt's* shipwreck stores, I got into a bit of a trash talking session with Max, a very old acquaintance and new friend. We discovered that we both have sisterships of a rather classic sailing dink. One thing led to another and we agreed to meet at a mutually inconvenient lake for a sailing race. No matter that my boat hadn't been in the water for four or five years. No matter that I still don't exactly know where the mainsail is. No matter that she actually looked rather tawdry with peeled varnish, faded paint and leaf mold/pine needles in her innards. No problem.

I simply rolled *Old Salt's* 17' closer to the wall on her shop cart. I simply put all 400lbs of *Big John* on a purpose built engine stand. And, I told him to simply wait his turn. Simple. That made for adequate room to bring little *Limerick*, the sailing dink, into the shop for a quickie refit. And, that has so far gone pretty close to plan. But that was then. This is, well, now.





Perhaps you know somebody who has “always wanted to do” something. I’m afraid my own bucket list could just maybe keep me alive for an abnormally extended period. But a recurring theme of mine is to build a mini tug like Gary Cull’s famous *Snail Mail*, for example. Even before I had the good fortune to meet Gary, this tug idea has rattled around in my skull through gobs of iterations. Probably for over 30 years, to be candid. But still not one pound of sawdust expended in actual construction. Bookshelves filled with how-to books, even study plans for any number of those esoteric little craft. Tons of napkins and printer paper adorned with profile and plan form sketches. Not one ersatz tug boat built by my hand yet. Other than a few minutes on Gary’s boat some years ago, I have never, ever even been aboard one of these little sirens. Now you’re SURE you know somebody like that.

This is where that cussed Whaaaattttt-tiff?? Bird landed nonchalantly on my shoulder. The bird whispered, “What if you had a small motor boat to go on the same trailer as your small sailing dink? Whaaaattt-tiff???” In a characteristically unguarded moment, I started singing the same song as that bird. And before I knew it, I was back to drawing tugboats on the backs of envelopes.

Let’s see. That makes two boats and a very large and broken motor already in the shop. And winter can only be expected to last so long. But what if?

After flipping a few calendar pages and glancing nervously out the window, I decided there ought to be enough to time to get everything fixed and build a new one, too. Maybe. Contrary to what those Floridians might think, I do have other stuff to do. Besides just dozing off with a crossword puzzle in my lap while watching the snow pile up above the window sills. Well sort of. Like plowing and shoveling, for instance. Other stuff.

Anyhow, I put *Limerick*, wet nail polish and all, over in about the last unoccupied corner of my shrinking shop floor. I propped some decrepit boat cushions around to protect the still soft paintwork. And I brought this really too heavy and really too awkward 12’ catamaran hull in through the shop’s rolling wall. My Grand Plan was to simulate the mini tug idea onto an essentially square basement. Gary sent me some beautiful pictures of his legitimate version. I pulled out scores of saved downloads from scores of online searches. I visualized and pondered. And sanded and filled and painted. I was gonna make about the best possible mini tug. Stable and probably pretty fast, too. And short enough to fit tandem on one of the full-sized boat trailers dotting that undisclosed location, tandem with *Limerick*. I was on my way to showing up at the putative First Annual Mint-ofest, with Max’s boat, in da kine style. And

all this was still, somehow, gonna fit in a rapidly diminishing calendar. Tally hooooooo.

Just about tomorrow. Maybe a day after. I had already put it on the TO DO list. I was gonna call my friend Jim and see if I could sweet talk him into coming over and helping me figure out how to pick that really too heavy catamaran hull up and flip it over. Without screwing up the new paint on the hull. Sure, just about anybody can flip a hull. But new paint. And now restricted floor space adds a new degree of difficulty. No matter what, I still gotta get it flipped. Except.

That damn bird. He came back. Again. He was back to whispering. Again. He started charming me with another bucket list project. This one has to do with a sort of shanty boat/canal barge idea. The sort of thing an aspiring novelist would anchor in some secluded cove and tap out his long nascent opus. Thinking deep and impassioned thoughts while watching the seagulls whirl overhead. Or maybe drink a beer and take a nap. It’s all good. But I can’t quite squeeze both a shanty and tug pilot house into the same 12’ hull. And, doggone it. Spring has gotten inexorably closer. Damn bird.

You see. There’s this shorter catamaran hull out with some of the small stuff. Out under the tarp, in that undisclosed location. And I was just imagining that if I made that hull into the mini-mini-tuglet, it would make a darling combo with the shanty boat in tow. The one that could just about as easily be grafted onto the 12’ almost-tug hull. That shanty.

So, once again, I discover that “simple” really isn’t. But one thing is certain. Less sure can turn into more!

## Shortest Distance Between Two Points

OK. So Murphy was right. But I wonder if Murphy ever tried to paint a bunch of boats when it was 15 degrees outside?

I really do know how to spell “V.O.C” and the idea of working in the same shop where I had released untold amounts of xylene and toluene and all those other ‘enes didn’t sound like my idea of a really good time. Yeah, I know, certain elements of our Recreational Drug Culture would pay extra to sit in there with me, inhale deeply and watch a test pattern on TV. OK, so they don’t actually do test patterns anymore. So they could watch the Gary Moore Show or something instead. OK, so they don’t do that anymore either.

But old boat hulls still gotta get painted. Peeled varnish still gotta get replaced. Holed bottoms still gotta get patched with two-part elixirs that turn magically to frozen snot. And it’s waaaay better to be doing that stuff when people are out walking on the lake, not when, as Alan Sherman warbled, “...Guys are swimming. Guys are sailing...” Everybody knows this.

Problem is paint don’t dry and harden, magic frozen snot don’t freeze when temperatures go down to ambient. And keeping my shop warm enough to do these chemical deeds just doesn’t allow for breathing air. Back when I was riding around on gray ships, boring holes in the ocean before anybody in authority realized that living in an atmosphere comprised of one part air to 50 parts Marlboro just might be a prob-

lem. Back then, I sort of learned to hold my breath for days at a time. Now that I have graduated to Civilian First Class, although we have sort of eschewed the Land of the Big PX, now living here on the edge of the Known Civilized World, I don’t even go into places like that. So I came up with a sort of compromise solution.

With at least three boat hulls to patch and sand and PAINT and with only really space enough to do one at a time scheduling became a bit of a problem. You see, my shop is REALLY a place where perfectly good trees are reduced to small chips, dust and noise. And none of that stuff works out well in the near presence of wet paint and wet varnish. So I decided that the getterdone crowd had the right idea. Maybe.

I figured I could cover the most gel coat in the least time with good ol’ Rustoleum spray paint. First teensey little problem came when Kate pointed out that the Rustoleum green wasn’t quite GREEN enough. So Plan B.

I got some highly recommended (by the local hardware store paint guy) oil-based enamel mixed up in almost the right GREEN. And proceeded to be foolish enough to think I was gonna have at least one more green boat done and outa there. Well, this one-coat-wonder stuff took THREE coats. And two weeks later it still isn’t quite hard enough to lift and sling around. And worse it’s still outgassing. At least I think that one is the one that’s outgassing. You see, I went ahead and painted the other two boats, too. Also.

I had such unsat results from the wipe-on-and-drip stuff that I went back to good ol’ Rustoleum spray paint in the ubiquitous rattle can. Except not quite as ubiquitous as I thought. I’ve been thinking that *Old Salt*’s 53-year-old gel coat would look rather distinguished in antique white. It’s a color that many of the upscale boats used in a flurry of not-bright-white boats built about 20 years ago. I was never upscale enough, myself, to purchase one of those upscale boats. But envy and covetous thoughts never really die. You probably know somebody like this.

Rustoleum sells this stuff in rattle cans. Presto! *Old Salt* was gonna’ join the Big Leagues. And this stuff dries in a matter of hours. Well, to be perfectly honest, a matter of less than a week, to be honest.

I bought out the entire local stock, three cans. I already had two in my paint locker. Oughta work out about right. Oughta.

Enter Murphy. With the aid of a brand new respirator mask (good for lead, and pesticide, and asbestos, and yes, even spray paint) I heated up the shop to about 70° and commenced to spray and, spray. OK, so this stuff is REALLY sold for painting graffiti on somebody else’s fence someplace in The Big City, not really for obtaining a mirror finish on a half-century-old speedboat hull. I blew through five cans way faster than I could imagine.

The air quality in my shop was abysmal, not to mention what the overspray did to my once sexy terra cotta floor. It would really be a good time to keep the temps up and finish this rather non-satisfying shortcut. But perhaps you guessed it, nobody within a 50-mile circle has another can of Rustoleum Antique White spray paint on their retail shelves. Next delivery is, maybe, next week. Maybe.

Damn Murphy.



## Too Many Boats?

For those of us who keep Both Kinds of Music dialed in to our shop radios, there is an arguable truth to Daryle Singletary's plaint that a guy "just can't have too much fun." Those in the Muzak crowd will just have to bear with me for a bit. And one day, if I get to be a lay preacher again, I'm gonna deliver a sermon entitled "The Gospel According to Nashville." But in the interregnum, let's consider the existential and even metaphysical ramifications of this, perhaps, not-so-hillbilly aphorism. I think it matters.

So when Mr Singletary affirms musically that you just can't have something, is that because it doesn't really exist so just don't bother yer pretty little head over it? Or is there, in fact, such a thing but regular folks just can't expect to ever reach that particular level of nirvana? And the kicker is in the details. Is the real message a confusion between "can't" and "SHOULDN'T"? Deep, huh?

I've been spinning these yarns long enough that most of my readers can smell the segue a minute of latitude away. Yep. I'm back to that deep and soul searching question, can you have too many boats? And, if so, what to do about that.

You see, I was absent the day they taught engineering so I had to become a liberal arts major. Yeah. Those geeks in long robes who go around all day conversing earnestly about ids and platitudes and eternal quests and other impractical ephemera, er, crap, like that. So I learned at a rather tender academic age that I should wonder about "why" people do stuff. It was up to the slide rule and pocket protector crowd to figure out "how" people did stuff. Even now that I have figured out how those "hard science" types were just other geeks (with flat tops, half-wire rimmed glasses and bow ties), I still steer clear of worries over practical stuff when there's a good "how come?" to solve. And this is really one of the great existential questions known to modern man. How will you know when you are reaching saturation in the field of boat ownership?

And, there's really another angle on that question. Much like "owning" a parrot" you don't really own a boat, she just allows you to care for her while she's looking for a better prospect. There's a better than even chance that she will be around long after you are not. A sad testament to this is the large number of "old" boats being euthanized via the Boat Porn Channel. You know, craigslist. I don't think a day goes by that I don't see an ad for "trailer for sale, free boat." Kinda like a 1950s novel about the misty future in, say, the third millennium AD. You know the ones, where society is faced with dwindling resources and burgeoning populations. Longevity has reached unheard of levels. And, well, the old folks have to be "dealt with."

You refugees from the pocket protector legions maybe didn't have to read and analyze the nuances of an early Asimov. Heck, most of you were counting on getting a real job after graduation, no matter the GPA. Right? Well, now's the time of payback. What're YOU gonna do with grampa's old runabout? What about your favorite uncle Jim's old Star boat? Yeah, the one nobody else in the family wanted and you just didn't have the heart to haul off to the landfill. Yep, that one. Yep, it's still parked next to the garage.

OK, many of us have a lot of boats. And not a one of us is really addicted. Heck, we can stop any time we want to. Right? RIGHT!?! Well, maybe just in case, I started wondering what I would do in the impossibly distant future event that I actually became responsible for too many boats. I decided, for me anyway, that hypothetical behavioral construct (sorry, liberal arts major talk again) would need to weigh the value of a boat in relation to the amount of time she was actually sitting in the water with me, a family member, or a loved one of mine actually sitting in her.

Then, to not remain in that rarefied, ethereal domain of the hypothetical, I plunged right in. I went out to the shop and looked around. Actually, first I went out to where I have several "someday" hulls lined up at my friend Cliff's house. After I fled in terror from that scene, I went out in the trees near my house and started to lift the tarp off my trailer that is current home to a couple rotomolded kayaks, one or two rotomolded rowing dinks and a rather amorphous sea sled cum catamaran made of fiberglass.

The snow's kinda heavy on that tarp, so I decided if I wanted scientific rigor in this experiment, I'd simply have to seek more comfortable working conditions. So I went over to my rented RV storage building and surveyed the boats on trailers there. That was silly, there's only room for two full-sized boat trailers over there. And all you hard science guys already know, "two" is not a statistically useful number when you are trying to strike averages in a multivariate matrix. Afterall, fer Gawdsakes.

So I came back home and went out to the shop. Counting noses out there, I only found, again, two boats, both of them out of commission, both in imminent danger of being transmogrified into something altogether different from their genetic programming. This is, of course, germane to another aspect of an "impractical" education. There are just too many ideas flying around compared to the time, money, materials, skills and energy available for their implementation. But out of all this scientific enquiry came a stark realization. The boats that I value the most were, in fact, the least ready for service. And if something like that don't just frost ya?

Maybe you know somebody like that?

## Trying Some New Ideas

Santa's workshop is finally, officially, closed. I've been continuing to move tools and benches and jars of stuff from one corner to the other in my shop. That's a never-ending process. Once I get everything figured out, it's time for a new bright idea. But, amid that bustle and jostle, I started sanding and patching and fairing and filling a bit on little *Limerick*.

This came as a bit of a bolt out of the blue. I've had her on a cart, next to *Old Salt*, last year's bright idea gone berserk. I keep trying new ideas to change them into a completely different boat. *Limerick* is my 1976 vintage 9' Kent Ranger Co "Minto." I've had her since early 1978, the longest of all my floaty thing friends. I tell people I'm saving her for a true Viking funeral. You know, cast the ol' sea dog adrift in his favorite ship and all that. Probably there's a better explanation for why I keep her around. Yeah, I simply LIKE that little faux clinker packet with

the teak trim and brass fastenings, all the other "traditional" stuff has long gone for real sailboat hardware and surgical implants of my own devising. But she's still one of my favorites.

Anyhow, the poor thing has always been too heavy to put on a car top without a crane or troop of Boy Scouts to help. Too short to row real well, too fine-ended to carry a motor, too pretty to leave unattended and, now that they cost about \$4K new, too expensive to get rid of. So she sat for most of the prior ten years either tied up under *Fiddler's Green* in the slip or on a cart that also fit in the dinghy rack's bottom slot and launched off the docks (back in San Diego). Way, way back this little gem followed me all over Puget Sound as a tender. Anyhow.

I'm currently of a mind to put her back together as she was. Sort of. Maybe move the mast aft and add a jib or something. But pretty much as she was. Yeah, as a sailboat. The mini naphtha launch can wait for a new inspiration, I suppose. So, like I was saying, as sort of a bolt out of the blue tonight after dinner I just "decided" to set things right and get this little girl back to being the prettiest girl at the dance.



Little *Limerick* has been set aside, ignored and mostly abandoned off and on for the past ten years at least. Seems like every time I get her all dolled up she then got consigned to a corner to blister in the California sun. So she's been looking a bit peeved as I let her sit in the shop, yet again this year, while I did Christmas projects, etc.

At danger of disturbing the exceedingly smooth flow of this particular narrative, allow me a bit of sidebar. I used to bring *Limerick* to messabouts at Fiddler's Cove on San Diego Bay. That was back when I was a SCUZ-BUM in fact, not just a hanger-on who keeps up with the happenings by email from a seat by the window with a view of pine trees with snow on 'em. Anyhow, this is the very boat a dear friend of mine almost drowned because of. She capsized during one of our messabouts, while sailing out of sight from the assemblage on San Diego Bay. While people who think a long sailing season starts after the kids are out of school and ends a month or two before the World Series would figure San Diego has pretty warm water, spend an hour in it and you might change your mind. My friend wouldn't abandon little *Limerick* and allow anybody to rescue her (and leave the boat drifting). One skipper who tried to pull her out of the water (and was rejected) came into Fiddler's Cove and found somebody who could use the PA system. Somebody else heard me being called and I had to hitch a ride out to where she and the boat were drifting. Etc, etc.

The object lesson (other than there is a variation to the never leave the boat lesson,



like when somebody is there to pull you out of the water) is that even though I added lots of flotation in the floor, the mast is still too far forward to allow for the boat to easily right with a wet sail and wind blowing. I'm still working out a way to deal with that. Although that's the only time such a thing has happened with that boat in the 38 years I've had it I keep trying to improve this little boat and to avoid such a potential disaster again. Anyhow.

Tonight I got a wild hair and got to gettin'. I've been hauling several cans of Brightside and Ezepoxy around for eons. Not new cans either, been opened and used by somebody else. Turns out only one was crusted (navy style), so after working "after hours" (it's going on 0100) I have managed, since after dinner, to get the whole boat sanded and cleaned with acetone, one side of both the rudder and dagger board painted and a first coat on the hull. I was just going to see if the stuff even covered. Soooooo, I didn't really get things masked properly to be able to cut in the water line. So there's a bunch of fixits to do and a couple follow up coats for sure. But this is sort of exciting. Teak's sanded to 220. Interior floor is epoxy/glass patched and faired. Tiller and rudder cheeks are down to 220.



I think I'll brush on the same antique white I used on *Old Salt's* deck inside the hull and maybe lay nonskid on the flat floor (I've still got that mixed up in antique white as well). I'm thinking that since things are going so well, I should screw it up a little. How about internal halyards this time?

Yeah, yeah, I know. The stick is foam filled and that would be a bad idea unless I want to figure out how to redo it with tubes. And that idea is a pretty good one. The mast has been painted several colors over the years. I suppose this time it'll match the appendages, since I have this used Brightside and all. Oh, yeah. The hull has also been LP'd and brushed

and sprayed and all that over the past 15 or 20 years. Before that she was stock white gelcoat, like your boat. This time I used a foam brush and Kelly green. I think she probably will look better with forest green. But hey, maybe the leftover used stuff will work out and be just the thing. And, the name can go on in antique white and just be the cat's meow.

So this is what I'm planning, so far. Off-white mast with buff truck. Matching boom (it's the original spruce two section that has been mended, offended and upended time and time again.) Kelly green hull. Red bottom (used to be antifouling, now it's spray painted over the old ablative stuff). Antique white interior. Schooner varnish to the eighth or tenth coat on the rub strakes and midship thwart. (All the rest of the seats were cut up to make a hatch for a 35-footer I haven't had for two decades.) And maybe, just maybe, a new rig with a full batten main and small jiblet. Or not.

This boat's gonna' be looking wistfully out the shop window before you know it. Me, too....

So anyway, maybe if we value a boat she should at least be ready to float and sail and generally do boat stuff? Maybe. It's not real scientific but it's a start. Maybe you know somebody like this, too? And heck, a guy's gotta start somewhere.

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On my daily mountain bike ride through the nearby Great Smoky Mountains several years ago I saw a boat out of the corner of my eye in a yard that looked like the boats we had at YMCA Camp Speers when I was a kid in the '50s in northeastern Pennsylvania. This boat was being used as a flowerpot, it was filled with dirt. I gave the Camp Speers Director a call and asked if they would be interested in acquiring a boat like the ones they had in the '50s. His answer was yes. I then rode back to the house where I now found a man sitting on the porch. I stopped and asked him if he would sell me the boat. He looked at me like I was crazy and said no.

Last year I rode by the house again. I noticed landscaping was going on and the boat looked like it was in the way. I stopped and asked a person in the yard if they were interested in getting rid of the boat. I learned from him that the owner of the house had passed away and that he would ask the beneficiaries if I could have the boat. They agreed that as I wanted to give the boat to the YMCA camp, I could take it. I came back the next day, shoveled the dirt out of the boat and brought all 16' of it home. I called Camp Speers and let them know I would start rebuilding the boat and I would bring the boat up to camp the next year.

During this time *Messing About in Boats* published an article on Mullins boats. Their manufacturing plant was in Salem, Ohio, where they were in the boat business from the late 1800s to the Great Depression in 1929. During that time they manufactured 100,000 boats and were the largest boat builder in the world. This was a little surprising to me as I had never seen another Mullins boat in my lifetime other than the one at Camp Speers. Maybe it was because the Mullins boats were soldered together with lead solder.

Well, it was time to get to work. The first thing I did was cut the old wood away from the metal hull. As I did that I noticed an unusual smell. I have been cutting wood for over 50 years and never smelled anything like that coming from wood as it was being cut. I thought maybe it was because the wood was so old and kept working. The next day I began power wire brushing the steel hull. All of a sudden a huge cloud of dust went up in the air. I looked up at the cloud and thought I saw a figure in the cloud. I stopped working and thought to myself, "am I seeing things?"

After I cleaned up for the day, I thought back to how difficult that boat was to handle. A ten-year-old kid could not row this 16' two-station rowing skiff into the wind. I remember coming down to the waterfront early each morning so I did not have to use the steel boat. The wooden boats and the aluminum canoes were much easier to handle. Then while I was thinking back over the years about camp, I remembered the story about the ghost of Lake Nichecronk and his steel boat. Without going into the details, my

## A 1920 Mullins Sea Hawk Steel Boat and the Ghost of Lake Nichecronk

By Bob Dailey

thought was whoa, the ghost was trying to get home to Lake Nichecronk through me fixing his boat. Cool.

The next four months I continued working on the boat without another such incident. I did think about the lifeboats from the *Titanic*, however, which had similar hull design and were built at the same time the Mullins boat was built.

So this coming summer this identical twin to the Camp Speers Mullins boat will be delivered in a three dimensional form and in spirit to Camp Speers-Eljabar for kids of all ages to enjoy. It will be interesting to see whether the Ghost of Nichecronk shows himself and celebrates his return to camp. If so this ghost will be a "happy camper," his boat never looked so good. New solid mahogany seats and trim, treated gunwales, redwood hand rails, new hardware and paint. Yes, this may be the first ghost with a smile on his face.

### About the Ghost

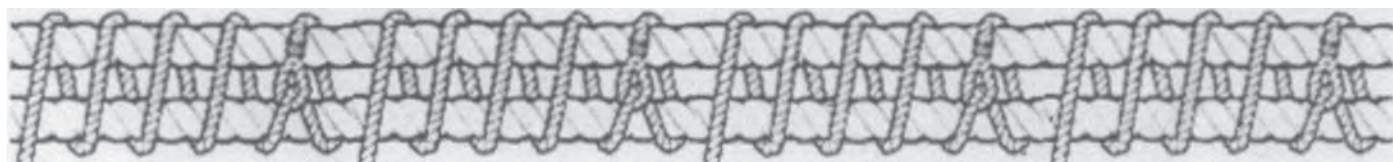
The Pocono Plateau in western Pennsylvania every few years gets one of those local downpours of rain, sometimes a couple of inches can fall in a few minutes. About

100 years ago two teenage lovers were out on Lake Nichecronk rowing a Mullins Sea Hawk steel boat which had no flotation. While they were out on the lake one of those torrential downpours fell, filling the boat with water, sinking it before the couple could get to shore. The boy, a good swimmer, could not locate the girl, a non-swimmer. He searched and called for her for hours. Finally he went back to town and reported she had drowned.

In 1948 the YMCA purchased Camp Speers, which came with two Mullins Sea Hawk steel boats identical to the one involved in the drowning 50 years earlier. My brother and I used these boats in the 1950s and 1960s at the Camp Speers waterfront, never thinking that the boats had no flotation. We did hear reports on stormy nights of Gampers and staff seeing the figure of a boy in a Mullins Boat calling out and looking for a girl.

As the last renovations were being made on the Mullins before its return to camp, I felt that someone was watching me. I turned around and there about 50 feet from me was a coyote, fixated on the Mullins. The coyote, of course, had the ability see the Ghost of Nichecronk. When I looked into the eyes of the animal, it very slowly turned and walked away as if to say, "good job."

Well, there is no question about it. With the return of this Mullins Sea Hawk 16' steel rowing skiff, this summer it will just be a matter of time before sightings of the Ghost of Lake Nichecronk on stormy nights will again occur. That boy is still looking for his girlfriend on the lake. It will be interesting to see who will be the first to witness the return of the camp ghost.





# The APPRENTICE

A Monthly Newsletter of the Apprenticeshop

## From the Director

By Eric Stockinger, Executive Director

This is a special year for The Apprenticeshop: We celebrate our 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary! In 1972, Lance Lee launched this project in experiential education and much has changed in the world since then. While a stamp only cost 8¢, a calculator was \$98.95. Both *The Godfather* and *MASH* premiered that year, though apprentices would not have had a TV in their yurt to enjoy Hawkeye's antics. In the Shop, the class of '72 might have listened to the hit album by ABBA on an eight track player, instead of the iPods of today that shuffle music in the Shop from Pearl Jam to bluegrass and sometimes ABBA.

Still, although the Shop has changed campuses four different times, some things just don't change; young people still yearn to find the fulfillment that comes from making something with their hands and arrive from all over the country and around the world to learn traditional boat building, to be a part of a unique community and inevitably end up discovering something they didn't know about themselves. This New Year four apprentices from Texas, New York, southern Maine and Rockland began their two-year terms.

To mark this point in our history, we have planned a number of celebrations. The full year of our lecture series, Second Thursdays at The Apprenticeshop, will focus on celebrating Maine's boat builders and sailors. In January

and February (for example, too late now to take in) alum Rob Stevens talked about his 30-year career in wooden boat building and Tenants Harbor native Merritt Carey, who crewed for the all-women's America's Cup race, talked about her experience sailing in a number of big boat, blue water races.

In addition, we are collaborating with the Maine Maritime Museum (which celebrates its 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary this year) on a number of projects. Work has started on a 15' Lyman Oliver pulling boat, which will be lofted and framed here, then trucked down to the museum where it will be planked by students and volunteers at the museum's Boatshop (which, you'll remember, was the original Apprenticeshop in the 1970s). We'll launch a July expedition of our Crotch Island Pinky, *Ruth*, from the museum's dock on the Kennebec in Bath to our dock here in Rockland. Museum curators will help us mount an exhibit in our lobby (to open in April), and several special maritime programs will be offered to both the museum and Apprenticeshop communities.

All in all, it should be a fun year, and I encourage any of you who might pass by to drop in and see what's going on. Who knows, maybe you will become a part of the next 40 years of history at The Apprenticeshop.

See you at the Shop.

## From the Shop Floor

By Graham Walsh, Shop Manager

On January 4, 11 returning apprentices welcomed four new, full time apprentices into the Shop.

Bridget Jividen, from San Antonio, Texas, is new to boat building but has a strong background in the arts; she began working at age seven for a local architect in exchange for house model building supplies.

Chris Konecky, from Brooklyn, New York, now holds the distinction of being the youngest apprentice in the Shop. Like Bridget, Chris is new to boat building but comes to us with art experience. Art on a grand scale; Chris worked as a muralist in Brooklyn.

Kirk Folk and his wife made their home Rockland, Maine, five years ago after 16 years traveling with the Air Force. Kirk brings many years of boating and boat building experience to the program. He has built three small skiffs and is currently restoring a 33' Quoddy Pilot sloop, Folk

Daniel Creisher, from Shapleigh, Maine, is a highly recommended craftsman, bringing seven years of construction industry experience to the program, the last three years in timber framing. Daniel and his new bride now call Rockland home.

After introductory sessions on tool safety and Shop operations, the new apprentices will build their own tool boxes, then begin the construction of traditional Susan skiffs.



Our new apprentices, from left, are Bridget Jividen, Chris Konecky, Kirk Folk and Daniel Creisher.

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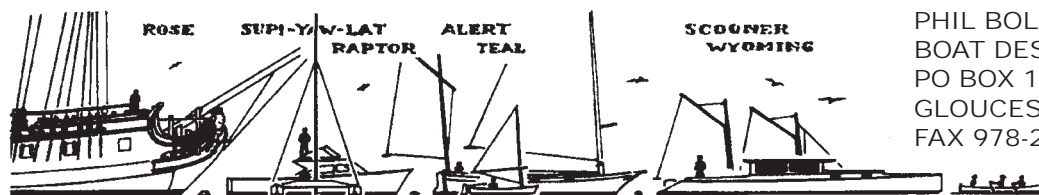
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## Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

### “SACPAS-3” (LCP)

Design #681: 38'10" x 7'6" x 12" x 200hp  
Eighth in a Series of Articles

### Evicted!

Last issue, I mentioned more dramatics that have come to significantly affect progress on this innovative boat building project. Well, here it is! We've been evicted! On December 30, with me documenting the proceedings as the stakeholders' agent, the craft was moved outside with me periodically issuing caustic remarks, one last time citing the original vision of former Gloucester Maritime Heritage Center Executive Harriet Webster (sadly deceased in June). But I would not lend a hand, I would not physically take part in this tragic conclusion to what had originally been envisioned as an ideal project for the Center.

Once the boat was outside, I declined the offer to have her stay there outside. Between site security concerns and the deepening dismay I increasingly had felt over the previous months about what was happening, I took her away. As project manager I decided that she'd be better off moved to my property in West Gloucester just steps away from Phil's and my home, with the workshop on the ground floor and with power easily laid on for lights and on demand heat. Soon the boat was riding backwards across town to be inserted into her winter berth, bow facing north and unfinished aft cockpit facing south to be warmed by whatever sun we might come to have this winter. My thanks to Jocelyn Marine Services of Salisbury, Massachusetts, for putting up with the hassle of hauling her backwards.

What remained to be done would have required just a few more weeks in the shop, but now being forced out into New England's winter temperatures will slow down my mad schedule (well overdue anyway for the sake

of my health) and allow me to attend to my own Phil Bolger & Friends business. The next warm spell or two will periodically draw me out to the project again, first to install the windows and hatches, then cockpit pieces, fuel tanks, steering, etc. Come spring I'll use one of Gloucester's many launching facilities to launch her and remember Harriet Webster's vision and efforts one more time. But how did this come to pass?

This is the last project Phil and I had worked on together. In late April 2009, about a month before his death, we had been offered the project by the US Navy (USN). We had discussed a range of hull shapes and layout options. Alas, Phil left us before our usual joint design work could commence. It was my intent to carry on our work myself.

Upon Phil's death, the Navy confirmed unambiguous interest in continuing the project. With them seeking a local/regional partner, Phil Bolger & Friends pulled together three funding streams, with the Navy partnering with the City of Gloucester and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, who would ultimately own the craft once the Navy was done testing her. The project hired local folks (via city funding), to build a PB&F light patrol boat design under PB&F's proj-

ect management with the state's Division of Marine Fisheries (DMF) contributing vital resources to its completion as a marine biological research platform.

The Project was offered to the Gloucester Maritime Heritage Center (GMHC), then run by Executive Director Harriet Webster. She had been the heart of the non-profit venture, starting around 2000 with a rundown waterfront marine industrial property and a dream to open up this one prominent piece of Inner Harbor real estate to the public, since most of the working harbor's waterfront is privately owned and thus inaccessible.

Over ten years GMHC came to offer a range of exhibits of this port's past via dioramas, image galleries, slide shows and a growing lecture schedule. The richest commercial diving collection in the Northeast joined. A dedicated always open door "old-time" dory shop started operating. The old Ice House was reconfigured into a Boat Shop in which skiffs, dories (including a few of Phil's Light Dories), a gig, a modest yacht and finally this project, which is the largest boat built there yet. Finally, Harriet led the effort of building a programs schedule of educational initiatives that last year allowed over 3,200 school age kids to be introduced on site to marine-biological and marine industrial basics.

Harriet and I saw this project as a good match with both the organization's marine-industrial mission at America's oldest continuously operating shipyard and its marine biological educational program. We embraced this collaboration because of its inherent and



obvious potency as an educational and public relations tool in support of the Center and the Working Waterfront.

I was interested in a safe, heated, well lit space located with safe access for the public to observe us building the boat, right downtown on the working waterfront. And GMHC would be in a position to integrate this high profile “green” project into its roster of marine industrial and marine biological curriculae. Together, Harriet and I saw this as an opportunity to demonstrate the viability of a model of partnership across multiple levels of government and private for-profit and non-profit entities.

Most unfortunately, just around the time the project started in early March 2011, Harriet was diagnosed with cancer. Before we had time to adjust to this, she died of related complications in late June. Upon hearing the news that morning Roz (then my only remaining helper) and I determined to push forward to honor Harriet’s work and life and her role in bringing the project to GMHC. A new Executive Director would not be hired until December.

The loss of Harriet’s guiding spirit found our boat building project not included in scheduled programs for school children. A few (accidental) exceptions occurred, once when I pulled in an instructor from the Merrimack Valley Educational consortium, a driver from a school from Marlborough and a series of visiting schooner and Outward Bound crews. I had been ready all along to share information, drawings and even connections with the stakeholders on the State and Federal levels, such as marine biologists. From hands-on shop visits to slide shows and talks, a range of educational/PR tools would have been conceivable, along with inevitable professional networking opportunities.

As soon as New England temperatures allowed, I had insisted on an open door policy to make this publicly funded project even more accessible to passersby on the pier and to all visitors. They all had full access to come into the shop to study the project, ask questions, touch the craft and watch work on it being done, take pictures of it and pose with it, all personally tended to with ongoing work unavoidably interrupted that many times. Roz and I would come to “edu-tain” over 1,160 visitors. We actually got quite good at this.

During the summer for several events I had cleared out the area of the shop behind the two big sliding doors, which when opened provide a very effective stage. The emerging hull was a most suitable backdrop in this boatyard for ceremonial events. Then in September when Lt Governor Tim Murray was invited to give a science, technology, engineering, math address, showing her with pride as one easily understandable example as a backdrop to his speech seemed desirable to me. After all the state was a stakeholder in the project! Instead, the decision was made that the shop door would remain closed, with the Boat Shop considered to be “too much clutter.” Embarrassing for me, as earlier I had briefed the Lt Governor’s staff about the craft’s presence right behind those firmly locked doors.

Concern now came to be expressed as to the longer than expected presence of the craft in the Boat Shop. A deadline setting, mentioned for late summer, failed to take into account the circumstances surrounding the building of such a craft with an inexperienced crew and the delaying episodes that subsequently occurred. I proposed the more productive approach of what Harriet and I agreed on to begin with, which was to make the most of the project’s limited time presence at GMHC.

We had envisioned the project’s successful conclusion with a public launching ceremony and party, with all sorts of presentations and mutual belly rubbing. Properly advertised, this collaboration between GMHC, the City, USN and DMF would attract more long term support for the Center.

By late December with myself and DMF manpower pushing hard to finish it, the project was getting close to completion. Most of the painting was completed with only the aft cockpit remaining to be assembled out of mostly already prefabricated and prepainted panels. Glass was ready to be installed to make her weathertight, with the motor on hand. Electrical and minor mechanical system could have been completed once outside of the shop. And the DMF remained willing to continue its supplying of manpower in support of this project to see it completed as soon as possible.

In a final effort to see this through, I pointed out that in my opinion evicting the project from the Boat Shop at this stage could remove its educational opportunities, along with its professional relationships with the State’s marine biological establishment, a relationship typically deemed essential to affiliated individuals and institutions such as GMHC. It could also likely reduce credibility for efforts at attracting support for other boat building projects, such as the recently announced interest in building and operating another boat shop on the premises. And it would terminate prematurely any chance for a celebratory outcome on site for one of the last significant initiatives of Harriet Webster.

And personally for me it would cast a pall over the creation and construction of SACPAS-3, Phil’s last project. I will continue work on the boat from now on in Phil’s and mine front yard.



New Year’s morning light will make any project look decent.

The next week Jocelyn Marine hauled her across town.



She was slid alongside Phil’s live-aboard Resolution (Design #312 launched 1978), his year-round home and design office between ‘86 and ‘99 and our home between ‘94 and ‘99.



OK. I'll be the first to self-identify as a bona fide member of the Lunatic Fringe. But it's not so lonely out here, any more. The queasy feeling is spreading that "The End Of The World As We Know It" (TEOTWAWKI) is coming. Maybe soon. Market collapses, trouble in EuroZone, sovereign default, liquidity crises, credit standstill... these are now headline issues of the Fortune 500.

TEOTWAWKI has happened many times. Babylon and Rome are fallen. New World civilizations collapsed catastrophically in the face of Old World diseases. Katrina, Fukushima, Afghanistan, people around the world are undergoing the end of their worlds as I write. It's happening now in our global, supply-on-demand, trade and oil dependent economy built on the seamless flow of electronic representations of paper...

And really, how much does it take to affect you, personally? What does it take to trip that AWKI bit? May lose, or have lost, your job? Your house? Health? Savings? Pension? Social Security and Medicare, insurances you've been paying for all your working life, these are looking shaky. We don't need to be speaking of apocalyptic events... dramatic change in 'business as usual' does it.

Still with me?

Okay. *MAIB*. It's why we're here; what we do. But let's look at this in the context of TEOTWAWKI. Dmitry Orlov wrote a great essay on the subject, *The New Age of Sail*.

A Bug Out Bag is the bag we reach for on our way out the door... just before the roof caves in. The maritime equivalent is the "abandon ship" or "Hail Mary" bag. BOBs are advocated by disaster preparedness groups (such cultish, doomsaying nut-cases as USCG, TSA, FEMA and your local SAR). Well supplied, it will help get you and yours through a stretch o' hard times.

How about a Bug Out Boat?? For considerably less than our primitive ancestors spent on Cold War bomb shelters, we can outfit ourselves with something that's both a joy to use while the sun shines, and may save our butts one dark day.

Look at what a sailboat represents: Mobile shelter; unlimited range. It can carry crew, supplies, gear and tools and trade for extended periods. If things stay bad, a boat can support a permanent shift to a new way of life; the life we've been dreaming of, anyway. We can get out to forage and fishing grounds to feed ourself. Guerrilla gardens ashore.

Let's put up a wish list for a bug out boat:

Cost should be reasonably low (in terms of time, energy, cash).

Robust, reasonably capable hull.

Simple, solid sailing rig and sweeps.

Sleep the family under decks.

Carry necessities for an extended period (say six months minimum, to see us through a winter).

Carry tools for longer, should it become necessary.

Solid fuel heater/cooker (preferably wood or other scroungeable biomass).

Not asking much, are we? Here's a couple more things to consider:

Ultra-shoal draft (will get us deeper into hidey holes).

Trailerability (if we can go that small, we can bug out quite a ways overland, extending our options... but consider the needs of the tow vehicle).

Build or Buy? Certainly buying has advantages. We plop down sufficient cash and there it is. Often this comes to less up front

## Bug Out Boats for Troubled Times

By Dave Zeiger © 2011  
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than building. But it's hard to find boats that meet the criteria for a bug out boat without modification. By the time we tot up all the nickels and dimes necessary to get her the way we want, we might have done better to build. Even in a buyer's market, good cheap boats are few and far between. Still, it will depend on supply and demand. We could get lucky.

So let's say we're going to build. The sky could fall any day now, so we don't want to spend years at this. Things are tight already, so we don't want to bust the bank, either. Besides, we haven't done much more than build the kids a tree-house... let's Keep It Simple Sailor (KISS). While we're at it, let's try to get the most bang for our buck.

I propose this list of KISS attributes:

Tolerably small (small is beautiful).

Plywood construction: Quality AC plywood is fast, inexpensive, strong, stable, monocoque, easily kept water-tight and long-lived in the marine environment. It's conducive to the hull types mentioned. With modern, gap-filling adhesives, these boats can be built with easily acquired skills and tools. When push comes to shove, there's a lot of it built into buildings, everywhere.

Simple flat-bottomed hull (barge/scow or sharpie/dory).

Simple interior (no complicated spaces, joinery or trim).

Simple, durable finish (wipe-down, if possible).

Simple, robust rig (low stress, UV stabilized cloth).

Simple, robust gear (good quality fix-it-yourself).

It is the combined economies of these points that keep overall costs down. I can't see that expensive complexity has any place on a KISS vessel. Double ditto for a BOB. These principles together that up your got 'er did factor. They also up your bang for the buck.

To these, I would add my own KISS advice, accumulated over 20 years of Chicken Littling about far from the chandlery:

Flat bottom (Greatly simplified vs V or Arc bottoms... see End Note).

Free standing, junk rig (inexpensive, simple to use, maintainable with DIY materials).

Right angle sections (easy build, high form stability reduces ballasting requirements).

Ultra shoal draft (offers a hundred harbors to every deep draft one).

Outboard rudder (external, inexpensive, easy maintenance).

Leeboards (external, inexpensive, easy maintenance... prevented, they needn't be tended).

Copper plating (long lived, non-toxic anti-fouling, mechanical protection... works particularly well with flat bottoms and ply construction). Copper plate is a big, up-front investment. In our latest boat, it came to about half the total cost (we bought at a peak, however). I believe it pays for itself by virtually eliminating haul-outs, costs of anti-fouling paint and application tools, exposure to toxins, guilty pleasures indulged as reward for hard work, and in raw time spent with the whole mess. PLUS the mechanical protection to the hull is immense. It can be integrated into light-

ning protection schemes. If the hull is copper/bronze below the waterline, galvanic protection is unnecessary (e.g., no zincs). None of this will be available in a crash.

Move aboard... sail away.

If you don't, let's face it; your BOB remains insurance and/or a toy. Both are expensive. Why not start living the dream now? Putting all your eggs in one basket concentrates one's risk, but it's certainly an economical way to go. If it means the difference between doing it and not... I'm just sayin'.

When the fewmets start to percipitate, it's too late. The clock is ticking now, and history, global (possibly) and individually (without a doubt), is fleeting toward change. Even if it's only by the advance of years, our own, personal TEOTWAWKI approaches.

"Go small, go simple go now!" (Lin and Larry Pardey).

Please visit our site at [www.TRILOBOATS.com](http://www.TRILOBOATS.com), and blog at [trilobots.blogspot.com](http://trilobots.blogspot.com).

(**About the Author:** Anke and I live aboard *Slacktide*, our T26x7 ketch. We sail by wind, tide and muscle in the waters of southeast Alaska. We try to maximize the joys of life, and minimize the chores. We live between communities, but drop in to visit with friends. We're working toward a subsistence lifestyle, somewhat impeded by addictions to coffee, chocolate and cheese. We think TEOTWAWKI is looming, and while we'll never be ready, we'd at least like comfortable seats.

### Three Full Cruiser BOB Candidates

Here are three families of full-cruiser, BOB candidates, well within reach of the average Dick and Jane and presented in increasing order of difficulty. Each have plans available in a range of sizes. More complex boats are possible, of course, but these provide a baseline for consideration:



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Barges maximize displacement and interior volume, meaning we can carry a lot for their size, with lots of room to put it. The basic hull supports a huge range of layouts without blinking, making them extremely adaptable by persons armed with little more than common sense.



TriloBoats may be rigged for sail, and have proven themselves in Alaskan coastal waters. Sailing box barges can be found on most coasts of the world, and date back millenia.



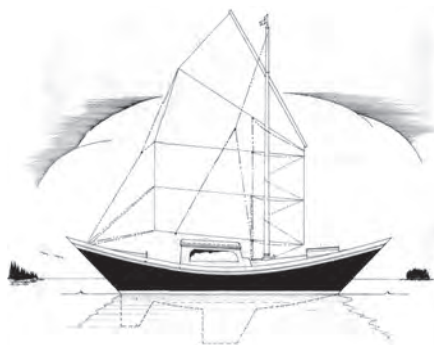
### **Bolger Advanced Sharpies**

Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc  
PO Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930 USA  
AS Series Ultra-shoal Sized 16' to 54'

AS hulls have curvature in plan and profile view, but no flare. Rectangular sections ease construction by eliminating bevels along the chines. Jigless construction. Interiors vary, but may be reworked for simplicity where considered necessary. They're fast, fine sailors well proven in extended ocean passages and cruising.

AS shaped sides (vs. full sheet construction in TriloBoats and Silver Gulls) add building time. Side curvature (vs. parallel sides in TriloBoats) complicate fitting the interior.

While you're on Bolger, check out Birdwatcher and Whalewatcher and Bruce Hallman's 3D renditions of the many other Bolger candidates, many less radical than these mentioned.



### **Silver Gull 19**

www.MacNaughtonGroup.com  
MacNaughton Silver Gull Series  
Sized 19' to 40'

These dories are curvy double-enders with flared sides. Parallel side panel edges ease construction and reduce waste by emphasizing whole sheet construction. Their flare imposes sheer and bottom rocker, with constant (vs. rolling) bevel along the chines (not an issue in tape 'n' glue construction).

Silver Gulls won't carry as much for their length as preceding designs, but are good sea boats, sharing many qualities with the famed St Pierre dories. Their high ends make great, sea-riding shapes. The designers have fitted twin keels to at least one in the series, so these can take the beach upright, with less draft than a deep keel.

SGs have a simpler hull proper, compared to AS hulls, but their keels complicate construction and add draft. Flared sides (vs. right angle sections) require beveled chine logs and complicate fitting the interior.

### **Other KISS BOB Contenders Macro-BOBs**

Parker Egret Series, Scows, Sharpies  
Benford Dories  
Morejohn Hogfish Series  
Beuhler Scows and Juno Series  
Wharram Tiki (Coastal Trek) and Pahi Series, honorable mention... simple end of multi-hulls

### **Micro-BOBs**

Bolger Designs (lots of web presence, order plans from address listed above).  
Michalak Designs  
Layden Designs  
Yrvind Designs  
Zeiger Designs

My apologies to the hundreds of great designers and designs omitted here. To get a feel for the range of possibilities, go to Google Images (link along the top of any Google search page) and search for, say, "sharpie sailboat". Follow your head and heart. Try not to be up all night!

### **End Note**

Shoal boats with high freeboard are often derided as unseaworthy, directly in the face of hands-on witness to the contrary. In fact, such hulls have some distinct advantages, having nothing to trip them up in a broach. A shallow hull tends not to disturb a wave into breaking. High freeboard provides enormous reserve buoyancy. These factors all reduce risk of broach, roll-over, pitch-pole and getting pooped. Their light weight (low inertia) reduces the impact force from broad-on waves, reducing risk of gear and structural damage/failure. Windage is similar to deeper boats of similar size, having cabin and other deck structures.

Free standing rigs and leeboards meet similar prejudice. Yet they've been going to sea and coming back from time out of mind.

Boats and their components are neither immune to the sea, nor do they sail themselves. Every boat trades one set of virtues for another. Most have a vice or several associated with those virtues. If this were not so, there would be one single type that met all needs.

Assess your needs, look around at tried and true solutions, take calculated risks with sensible innovations. If your "ideal boat" is out of reach, open your mind. Don't let ideals keep you off the water!


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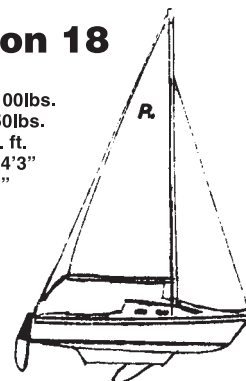


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Draft, Bd. Up 1'6"  
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LWL 15'5"  
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15' C.B.  
16- B.K.  
18' - 21' - 23'



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Our company, Kuvia, is about Happiness. When kayak sailing, we leave our public self behind; traffic, schedules, business, and all the rules and roles society puts upon us. Out on the water, our inner self awakens and with it, the freedom and joy that comes from being centered within and connected to all of nature. "Kuviasungnerk" is the Inuit word for happiness and "kuvia" is its root. It represents what is important to us as well as paying tribute to the remarkable people who brought us kayaking. Seeing others enjoying themselves on the Kayaksailor™ brings us a great deal of happiness and so we call our company Kuvia.

Since our patent approval in 2002, numerous prototypes and extensive testing have allowed us to offer you the most innovative, highest quality product available. In 2006 we moved from the Florida Keys to North America's Columbia River Gorge, a leading center for high performance sailing

## Introducing the Kayaksailor™

By David and Patti Drabkin

enthusiasts. Here we manufacture and distribute the Kayaksailor™ worldwide.

Our driving force is our dedication to our fellow kayak sailors. We appreciate our customers for who they are, our friends and sailing buddies. We thank each and every one of you for being who you are. We love seeing your smiles because smiles reflect happiness.

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Kayaksailor™ comes from the Columbia River Gorge, North America's natural wind tunnel. This exceptional place has been used for decades by accomplished

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The remarkable patented design uses the exclusive Magic Track™ mast step, enabling the sail to be instantly raised or lowered from a seated position. An ultra efficient, fully battened sail, balanced with precisely foiled retractable leeboards, gives amazing upwind performance. This efficiency allows the boat to slip through the wind with ease. Forward rig placement allows for paddling and bracing while under sail.

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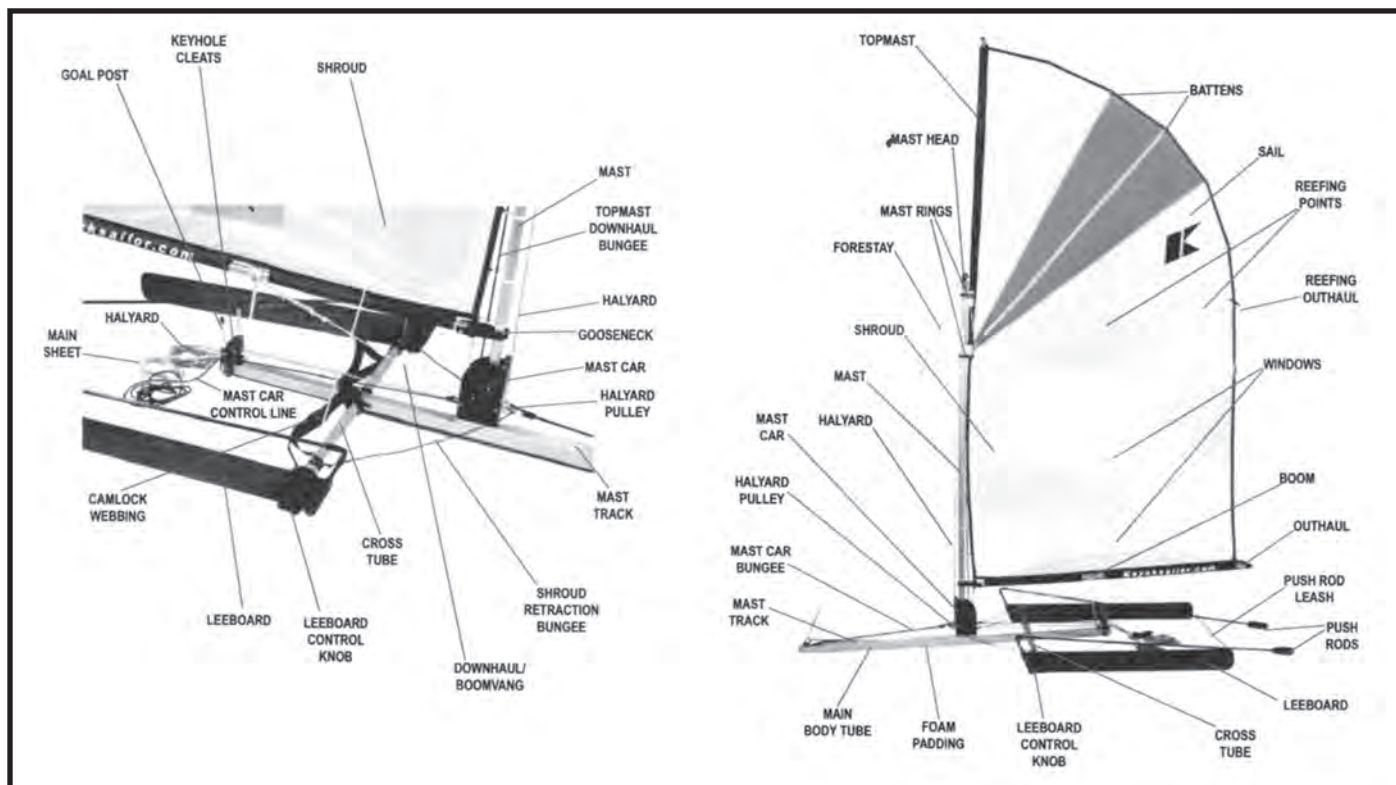
We have increased the sail draft in the lower panels for maximizing light wind performance, tweaked the balance of the rig for improved rudderless sailing and have included telltales to assist you in finding the perfect sail trim. In addition, we have upgraded the webbing straps with ribbed webbing to eliminate slipping and enlarged the carry bag and sail cover for ease of use.

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# A MANUAL FOR SMALL YACHTS

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SECOND EDITION

BLACKIE & SON LIMITED

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IX

## REEFING AND FURLING GEARS

The following are the various types of reefing gears (see fig. 14) for a mainsail:

A. "*Drum and Wire*."—This consists of a metal drum with large flanges fixed on the heel of the boom which is free to rotate round the pin of the gooseneck. A wire is wound round the drum, and by hauling on the wire the boom is caused to rotate. The wire is best led through a block at the hounds and back to a winch on the mast; alternatively, the wire can be brought through a block on deck and to a winch in the cockpit or where most convenient. The advantage of this gear is that it takes the twisting stress off the gooseneck; the wire carries a great strain, and, with its blocks, must be kept in first rate condition; the only part that is likely to carry away is the wire, which is easily replaced.

B. *Turner Pattern*.—This works with a ratchet and pawl; the pawl is mounted on a bolt, which is fixed at only one end and is likely to break, when it may be a blacksmith's job to repair it. It is neat, convenient to use, and suitable for small craft and restricted cruising.

C. *Bolland's Patent*.—We have had no experience of this type, but it appears very good though rather expensive.

D. *Worm Pattern*.—A worm, mounted on the gooseneck, rotates a pinion fixed to the heel of the boom. This type of gear is used in large-sized craft such as trading ketches and pilot cutters. It is strong, very powerful, slow and not quite so convenient for unrolling as A or B. Sometimes called Appledore pattern.

E. *Worth's Pattern*.—This is made by Messrs. Pascall Atkey & Son of Cowes as described in *Yacht Cruising*. It is of the ratchet type, but the twisting strain is taken by a chain secured to the deck. It is the safest of all gears, but expensive, and is only made in sizes for a 6 in. mast and above. With types B, C, and D a heavy twisting strain is put on the bolt of the gooseneck. Fig. 15 shows a method whereby this pin is held by two lugs on the mastband instead of by one as is the usual practice.

For any roller reefing gear with a boom not projecting beyond the taffrail it will not be necessary to use a claw ring on the main sheet.

We recommend type B with the qualification in the above paragraph for small craft, type A for yachts up to 5 tons, and type D for larger craft.

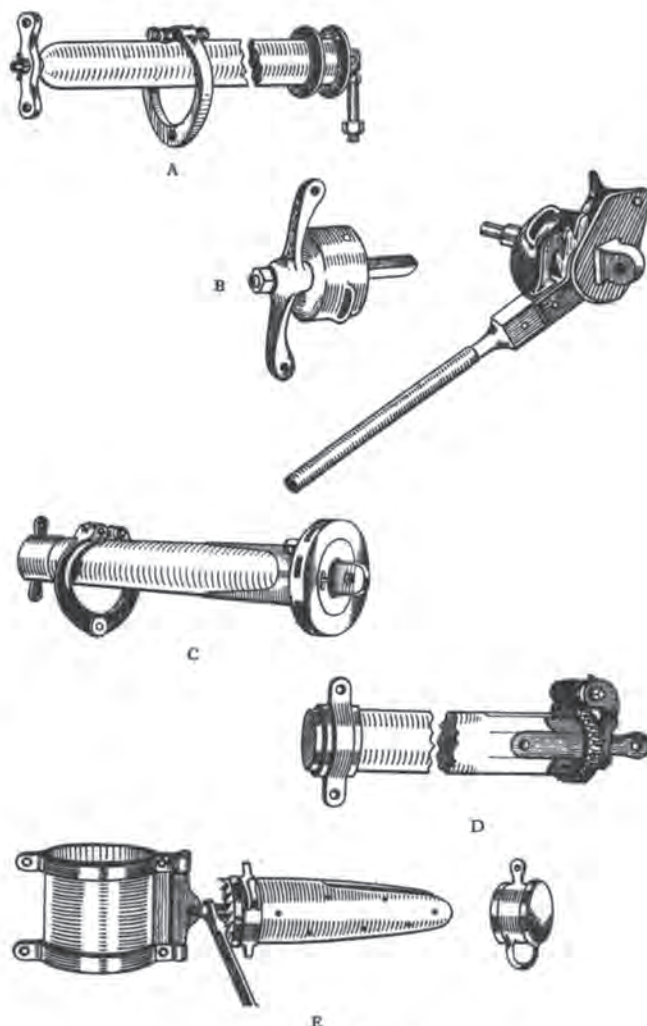


Fig. 14.—Reefing gears

(By courtesy of Messrs. Pascall Atkey & Son, Cowes, I. of W.)

We advise fitting a Wykeham Martin Roller gear to your jib.

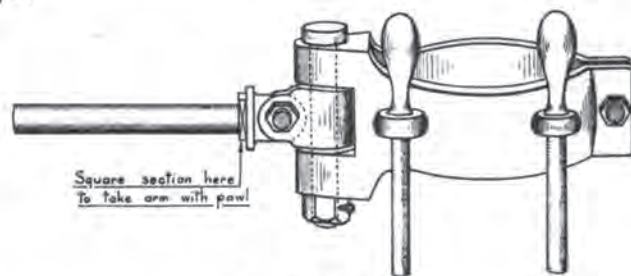


Fig. 15.—Gooseneck

The following sizes are appropriate, but select an over-size rather than an undersize.

Number		Sail Area
1	Open or half-decked boats	40 sq. ft.
2	3 to 4 tons	85 "
3	7 to 8 tons	150 "
4	Up to 20 tons	230 "

The best line is a special waterproof plaited line; use as large a line as possible and rub tallow into the part that goes round the roller; if the line is inconveniently small



for a good grip splice in a tail of thicker rope. Wind the line on the roller so that the sail rolls up in the same direction as the lay of the luff rope, but if the tack of the jib gets a permanent twist put the line on the roller the other way round for a few days.

It is necessary to keep turns out of the jib halyards; if not the two parts of the rope between the mast and the sail will twist up, and you may have trouble in lowering the sail. Throw the end of the halyard overboard, and twist the hauling part round and round, at the same time pulling the sail up and down a few feet; the turns will thus work through the masthead sheave, and after a time the sail will hoist without the block twisting. If, when looking up at the mast, the block is twisted clockwise, twist the hauling part to the right and vice versa.

This gear is for furling only and not for reefing.\* For the latter purpose another roller can be fitted to the head of the jib and a line led down to a weight in the rigging.

We do not recommend this owing to the danger of the line getting foul aloft.

For Wykeham Martin gear you must have a wire luff rope.

Sloop rigged craft (one headsail only) can have their foresail secured to a wood or bamboo roller which works on the forestay; by means of a line round the bottom of the roller the sail can be reefed or furled. If the line carries away you are done, and it is only suitable for restricted cruising in small craft.

Always keep a slight strain on the furling line when setting the sail, and have a small cleat for making the end fast. If it is allowed to become slack the line may work off the roller. When furling, keep a slight strain on the sheet.

\*In an emergency if you had not a smaller jib, you could lower the sail, twist several turns in the head, and put a lashing round; then reset the sail and put the same number of turns in the lower part of the sail by hauling on the furling line.

## X

### ANCHORS AND CABLES

The following table gives specifications for anchors and cables. It is in agreement with Worth and most modern writers, but Dixon Kemp advises quite unnecessarily heavy gear.

Thames Tonnage	Bower Anchor	Length of Shank	Chain	Hawser
	lb.			
4	35	3 ft. 2 in.	$\frac{5}{16}$ in. 30 fm.	2 in. 25 fm.
7	42	3 4	$\frac{3}{8}$ 30	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ 30
10	56	3 6	$\frac{3}{8}$ 35	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ 40
15	70	3 9	$\frac{7}{16}$ 45	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ 45

The kedge should be  $\frac{3}{4}$  the weight of the bower; yachts over 10 tons should carry three anchors.

The length of the shank should be not less than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  times the width between the tips of the flukes; the stock should be the same length as the shank, and the shank and crown should be oval in section. Provided these conditions are fulfilled we recommend a reasonably cheap type of fisherman's anchor.

Chain is measured by the diameter of metal of the link. The following table gives specifications.\*

Size	Breaking Strain	Weight per Fathom
$\frac{1}{8}$ in.	2.6 tons	6 lb.
$\frac{3}{16}$	3.8	8
$\frac{1}{4}$	4.4	11
$\frac{5}{16}$	6.75	14

If you want heavier gear than shown above use a cable  $\frac{1}{16}$  bigger, but a heavier anchor would be unnecessary. We do not advise ever carrying a chain less than  $\frac{5}{16}$ ; use hemp instead.

The new C.Q.R. anchor is well spoken of, and it is claimed to have twice the holding power of the ordinary type. In default of special information on the subject we suggest that a C.Q.R. anchor should be  $\frac{3}{4}$  the above weights. The outstanding advantage of it is that it cannot get fouled by its chain.

The Duerr patent anchor has excellent holding power and should be the same corresponding weight as the C.Q.R. It stows easily.

Stockless anchors are not reliable in the sizes used by small yachts.

Paint a white mark at least a foot long on the cable at every 5 fathoms.

*Permanent Moorings.*—Each anchor of a permanent mooring should be double the weight given for an ordinary anchor, and the chain  $\frac{1}{16}$  greater. The ground chain should be at least six times, and the riding scope  $1\frac{1}{2}$  times the depth at H.W.

Have the tonnage, under estimated, of your yacht painted on the buoy so that larger yachts making fast to it shall know that it is unsafe for them.

Concrete blocks are sometimes used; a usual weight would be 45 lb. per ton for a single block, or 15 lb. per ton for each of two blocks. A mushroom or an old steam wagon wheel will make a good mooring on a muddy bottom. Chain need not be galvanized except for the few fathoms that come above water.

*Winches.*—For yachts up to 4 tons we recommend Worth's chain pawl; this can be fitted on deck if the fairlead on the bows is an inconvenient shape. For yachts up to 6 tons a mast winch is best; beyond that tonnage a geared winch should be fitted; but it will depend to some extent on the "beef" of your crew.

It is a common fault with yacht winches for the chain not to drop off the gypsy (chain wheel), and to jamb underneath it. This is easily cured by fitting a chock of wood under the gypsy so as just not to touch it; no accurate fitting is needed, and a little experimenting will settle the exact position for the chock. Keep your winch well oiled. See p. 126 for some remarks on anchoring, and clearing a foul anchor.

## XI

### ROPE

Rope is measured by its circumference and sold by weight. Manila is made from the fibres of *Musa Textilis*,



a tropical plant allied to the banana and which grows in the Philippines. It is the rope most used on board yachts for running rigging. Yacht quality is much more expensive than merchant quality; the latter is serviceable rope and we generally use it. Manila swells when wet and will stretch down to nearly half its diameter after prolonged use.

Ordinary or Russian hemp is of about the same strength as manila, but more lasting; it is rather more expensive and much harsher in handling.

Italian hemp is a special variety of hemp and is much stronger than the above; it is extremely supple, stretches down considerably, but is not really worth its very high price. A main sheet of Italian hemp is a delightful luxury.

Combination rope consists of six strands, each of which has a wire core with a manila covering. We have not found it very satisfactory but some people like it.

Cotton rope is used in the U.S.A., but not in this country except for ornamental work. It is very harsh when wet, liable to mildew and not so strong as manila.

Rope is also made from sisal (a species of agave). It would probably be called sisal hemp. It is in general use at the present time.

Flax (linen) is used for plaited log lines and sail twines.

Jute is only used for cheap string on shore.

Rope is generally made up into coils of 113 fathoms. Rope is supplied white, lightly or heavily tarred. Tarring decreases the strength of a rope by about 25 per cent but preserves the fibres; it makes it much stiffer and more difficult to handle. Buoy ropes and rigging lanyards should be heavily tarred. Hawser are best of lightly tarred hemp. Bolt rope should be lightly tarred Italian hemp. Any rope constantly wet should be tarred.

It is convenient to call anything below  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. a line. Hambro line, cod line, &c., are conventional names for different sized small lines made of three stranded hemp. They are useful for lacings, flag halyard, &c., and are sold in hanks. Hambro lines are distinguished by the number of threads they contain in a strand and generally run 15 fathoms per hank.

Boltrope is Italian hemp made rather long in the lay; but a mainsail leech rope should be manila.

Spun yarn is loosely woven tarred hemp of two or three strands.

Marline is a two-stranded, heavily tarred and tightly twisted line. Marline and spun yarn are generally sold in balls by weight.

Roping and seaming twine are used for sailmaking. Tarred roping twine is the best for whipping.

Sennit is the name for plaited lines such as a log line. As it has no tendency to twist when wet it makes the best lead line. Sash cord is a cheap variety good enough for a lead line.

The above names are often used very loosely.

Coir or grass rope is made from coconut fibres; it is very light, floating in water, soft and elastic and about  $\frac{1}{4}$  the strength of hemp. Being resistant to sea water it makes a good kedje hawser for small craft.

Four-stranded rope is not quite so strong as three-stranded, but does not get so hard when wet. The following table gives strengths and weights of new manilla rope.

Size $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	Breaking Strain 6 cwt.	Weight per 100 fm. 18 lb.
1	9	22
1 $\frac{1}{4}$	11	28
1 $\frac{1}{2}$	16	45
1 $\frac{3}{4}$	22	60
2	28	80
2 $\frac{1}{4}$	40	125
3	60	170

A rough rule for strength of rope is:

$$\text{Breaking strain in tons} = \frac{(\text{Circumference})^2}{3}$$

Working strain should be  $\frac{1}{2}$  the breaking strain.

Rope should ordinarily last about three seasons if changed end for end periodically. Twist the strands apart; if the heart looks ragged or discoloured condemn it; but if the heart is smooth and white it should serve another season.

## XII

### WIRE ROPE

Wire rope is made from iron, steel, stainless steel, tungum and other metals. Rigging wire (non flexible) has a central hemp heart; flexible wire has a hemp heart in each strand as well. Iron wire is the cheapest and most resistant to rust but not so strong as steel. Steel wire may be of mild steel or plough steel, the latter being the stronger.

Size $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	Flexible Mild Steel Breaking Strain	Galvanized Plough Steel Breaking Strain
$\frac{3}{4}$	35 tons	56 tons
1	49	9
1 $\frac{1}{4}$	77	15
1 $\frac{1}{2}$	111	20
1 $\frac{3}{4}$	155	30
2	200	40
2 $\frac{1}{4}$	311	60
2 $\frac{1}{2}$	488	87
3	633	
3 $\frac{1}{4}$	8	

The navy rule for strength of wire ( $C^2 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ ) is handed down from generation to generation and from book to book, but has been made entirely inapplicable by the improvement of materials.

Tungum is approximately the same strength as mild steel. Racing craft may use specially manufactured wire which is stronger than that given in the table, but it is not recommended for cruising; the excessive thinness of the individual wires renders them more susceptible to corrosion or wear. Standing rigging should be dressed with linseed oil to which  $\frac{1}{4}$  of its bulk of petrol has been added, or with hot boiled oil.

The construction of wire rope is given by two numbers: thus, for standing rigging it is usually 6-7. This means that there are 6 strands and 7 wires in each strand; flexible wire rope may be 6-19 to 6-37. The greater the number



of wires to each strand the more flexible the rope, but the less resistant to rust and wear.

Seizing wire is useful for stopping blocks and for temporary repairs and lashings; a supply should always be carried.

Standing rigging may last eight years. Wire rope is usually sold by length.

### XIII

#### KNOTS, SPLICES, SEIZINGS AND GROMMETS

The following are the only knots that are essential: overhand knot, reef knot, figure of eight knot, clove hitch, rolling hitch, round turn and two half hitches, fisherman's bend, sheet (or common) bend, bowline and wall and crown. The pictures on p. 60 will remind you, but if you do not know them get a friend to show you.

It is worth while learning to loop a clove hitch over a post. Hold the rope, end to the right, knuckles up, with the hands about one foot apart; twist the rope with the fingers to the right (against the lay), and place the resulting loop over the post; shift the left hand to the rope between the post and the other hand and make another loop, still twisting to the right, put this loop over the post and you have a clove hitch. We think this is the best way to secure a main-sheet, but the quarter bollards must be of sufficient size or the rope may jamb.

Here are a few more useful knots that are not so widely known:

**Catspaw.**—For securing a hook block to a rope (fig. 18, 1 and 2). Hook block through the two eyes.

**Blackwall Hitch.**—Single or double for the same purpose. The single blackwall is very quick but is not secure if the rope is greasy or the hook the wrong size. Take the bight of the rope across the back of the hook, lay the end part in the hook and then the standing part in the hook on top of it (fig. 18, 3 and 4).

**Timber Hitch.**—This is useful for making any running loop as such for securing a rope to a spar; it cannot jamb whatever the strain (fig. 18, 5).

**Marline-spike Hitch.**—For heaving taut the parts of a seizing (fig. 18, 6).

**Matthew Walker.**—Used to prevent a rope from unreeving through an eye. It is quite simple but you cannot learn it from a book (fig. 18, 7).

**Stopper Knot.**—Used for the same purpose as a Matthew Walker in the U.S.A. Make a wall knot and hold the rope with the knot facing you; tuck each strand from left to right up through the loop next to it and under the end which already comes through that loop; then lay the strands together for a couple of inches and whip them (fig. 18, 8). Also called a single Matthew Walker.



Fisherman's Bend  
Fig. 17

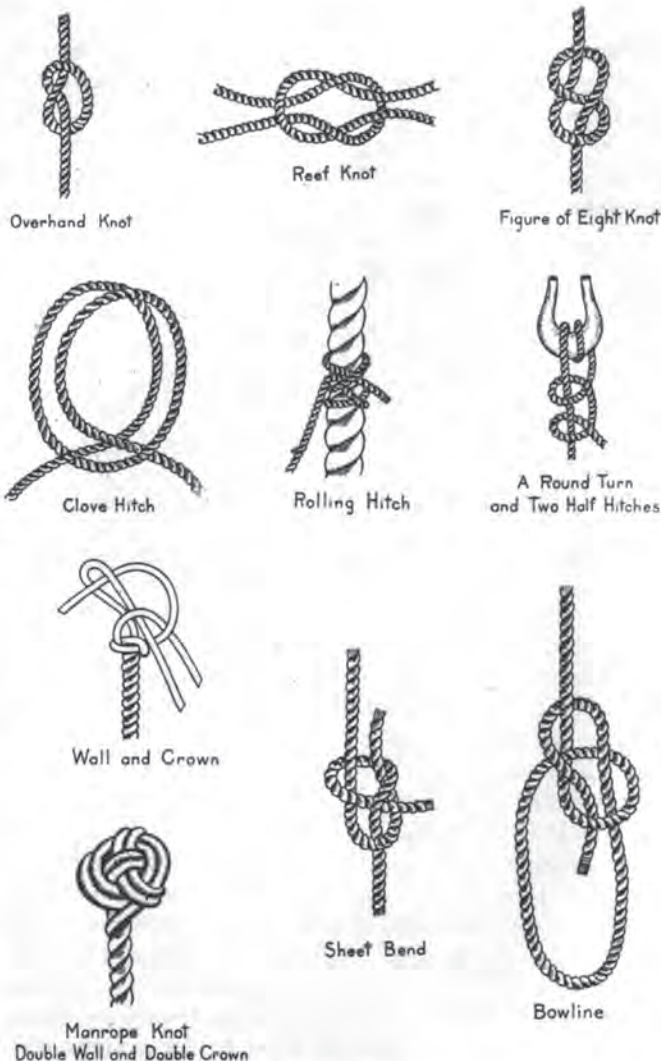


Fig. 16.—Useful knots

To pass a stopper see fig. 18, 9.

The best way of joining two hawsers is to make a bowline in one and attach the other to the loop by a sheet bend. Two ropes can be attached by a sheet bend without the bowline, but this knot cannot be regarded as secure under all circumstances. When they are of different sizes make the knot as shown. An alternative way to join two hawsers is with two bowlines.

**Fisherman's Knot.**—For joining two fishing lines or gut; made with two overhand knots (fig. 19, 1).

**Gut on Fish-hook.**—A ring knot is the landsman's loop; lay the end of the line back along its own part and tie an overhand knot with the double parts. To attach the gut make a ring knot at the end of the gut and pass the end of the hook as shown (fig. 19, 2).

**Snood** (small fishing line) to fish hook.—Clove hitch to the shank and then another half hitch below (fig. 19, 3).

To belay a rope take one complete turn round the cleat first. To pass a stopper take a half hitch against the lay and dog the end with the lay; seize if necessary.

**Seizings.**—Three sorts, flat seizings, round seizings and racking seizing. It is always best to begin by securing one



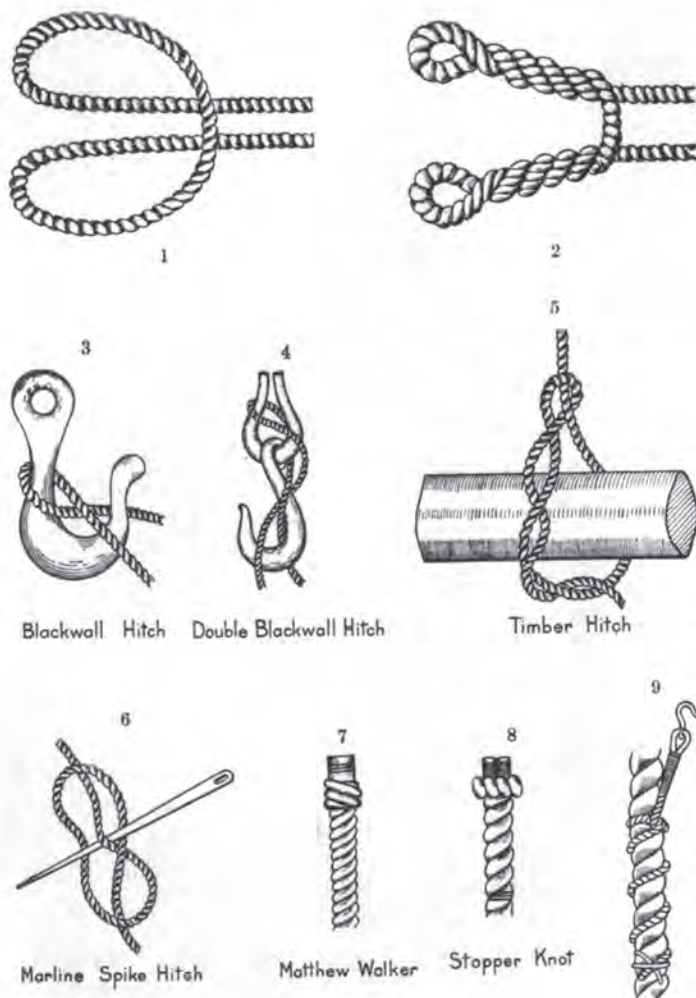
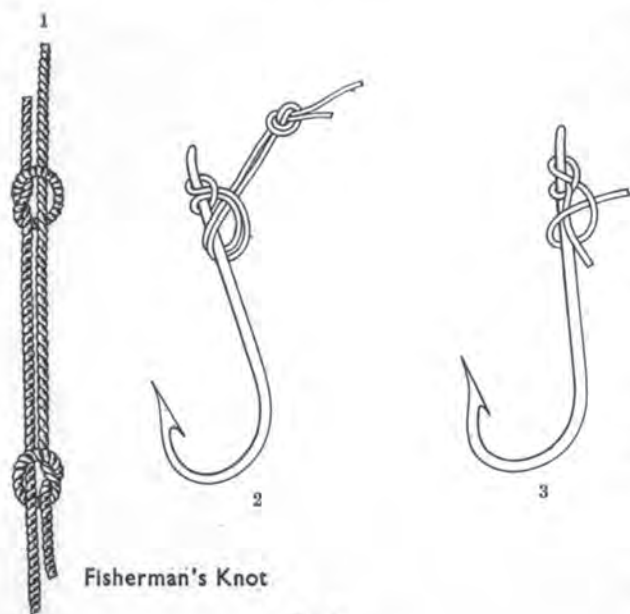


Fig. 18.—More useful knots



Fisherman's Knot

Fig. 19

end of the seizing line to the rope by a timber hitch or other knot. A flat seizing has one layer of turns; a round seizing has two layers, the outer one being called riding turns. A racking seizing is when the ropes must not slide past one another; the line is dipped between the two parts of the rope at each turn (about a dozen) and a layer of riding turns put on over them. A seizing can be finished off by a clove hitch between the two parts of the rope, and an overhand knot in the end of the line (fig. 20).

Fig. 20.—Racking Seizing

Two whippings are required, the sewn one and the plain one. If the latter is made in the American fashion it will last longer; proceed as usual, but bring the ends out together and reef-knot them. To make a sewn whipping, thread a piece of twine through a sail needle and middle it. Stick the needle under a strand, pull through nearly to the ends and pass a sufficient number of turns round the rope with the doubled twine; then stick the needle under one strand and haul taut. Take the twine back over the turns you have put on so that it lies along the lay of the rope, and pass the needle under the next strand. Continue until each groove of the rope has twine along it and finish off by taking a round turn round the last strand. With a four-stranded rope work from the end inwards. If, when finishing off, you find it difficult to get the needle through the rope, insert the point under the strand at a little distance from the whipping and push the needle in line with the rope instead of directly across it. If your twine is not tarred, draw it across a lump of beeswax.

**Splicing.**—An eye splice should be tucked twice whole then  $\frac{2}{3}$  and finally  $\frac{1}{3}$ . With a four-stranded rope put one strand through the centre of the rope. For a long splice unlay the rope one foot for each inch of its circumference for a three-stranded rope and 18 in. for a four stranded. To finish off halve the strands, make an overhand knot and tuck the ends over one and under one.

A chain splice is useful for fastening a rope to an eye that is too small to take the whole rope. Call the strands *a*, *b*, *c*; unlay *a* for 12 to 18 in.; pass *b* and *c* through the eye and then unlay them; unlay *a* for another 12 in., lay up *b* in the groove which it has left and finish off as for a long splice. This leaves strand *c* loose; tuck it between the three strands which now lead up to the eye and continue over one and under one three times. It makes a rather neater job if strand *c* is divided into three and each part tucked separately as in a short splice (fig. 21).

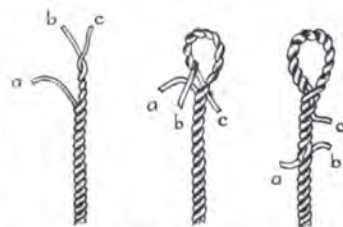


Fig. 21.—Chain Splice



The back splice is a slovenly way of finishing off a rope.

Grommets are useful for stopping blocks. Unlay one strand of a rope about four times as long as size of the grommet required; make a ring and follow the parts round and round, finishing as for a long splice; keep the lay in the strand. To find the length of the strand for stopping a block take the distance round the score, the distance round the thimble, add the circumference of the rope and multiply by three (fig. 22). You can make a block stop by using a short splice but it is not so neat as a grommet.

Wire splicing is quite easy but you must be shown how. For iron wire a rigger may tuck twice whole and once halved, but for steel wire there should be three tucks whole and two more reduced. Wire is spliced either with, or against the lay.



Fig. 22.—Grommet

**Splicing rope to wire.** Now that wire is used so much in Bermudian craft, this is important. There are various ways and we advise getting a rigger to show you. In an emergency, try what you can make of the following directions. Put a seizing on the wire 2 ft. from the end; whip each strand and unlay them into three groups of two strands each. Marry to the rope as in an ordinary short splice. Then lay the strands of the rope together again, so that the wire forms a heart for some 18 in.; put on a seizing and tuck the hemp strands into the wire over one strand and under

two. Next take the three groups of wire strands and tuck into the hemp rope as for an ordinary short splice. Finally, serve the whole splice with marline.

A wire grommet is very useful for stopping a block and is made similarly to a rope grommet. It should have 3 to 6 strands when finished according to the thickness required. It is quite easy to get four strands into their places, and this will make a serviceable stop; to make 5 or 6 strands lie up together properly, special tricks are required. There are various ways of finishing off the end; one is to halve the strands, cross them and tuck over and under.

Before doing anything with wire the ends of each strand must be whipped.

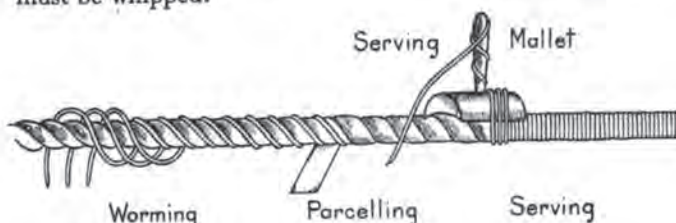


Fig. 23

An efficient stop for a block can be made from seizing wire in the same way as a grommet. It will not be quite so neat, as the wire has no lay in it. If four or five turns are taken it does not matter how the ends are finished off. It should be parcellled and served with marline.

Worming, parcelling and serving are to protect a rope (fig. 23).

"Worm and parcel with the lay  
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I have been untangling the “rat’s nest” of wiring on our Sisu 26. One of the operations in the project was to remove two wire sets installed when the boat was built in 1985. The problem was to get to the wiring bundle. There is an inside partition between the head and the interior of the cockpit bulkhead to hide the wiring and provide a more finished look to the head. I thought about cutting an access hole but decided to remove the partition instead. It was a good decision as some of the screws holding the wire ties would not have been reachable from any access hole cut into the partition. Also, while the wire ties were old and cut easily, the black electrical tape was still sticking together (quite nicely thank you) and took some effort to unwrap.

One of the reasons for removing the partition was that none of my hole cutters were designed for a hole a little over 4” in diameter (the size necessary for the inspection port) and cutting through  $\frac{3}{8}$ ” plywood with an adjustable cutter is not all that easy. With one size of inspection ports for boats at 4.25” in diameter, one would think that one of the marine supply firms would have come out with a hole cutter for that size. If they have, the product is well hidden in the catalogs (both on-line and hard copy).

The person doing the wiring wrapped four wire sets (engine hot buzzer, port running light, and both fuel tank sensor wires) together every 6” with black electrical tape. The person then wrapped the entire bundle and fastened the bundle with plastic/nylon wire ties to the inside of the cockpit bulkhead every foot. It was a nice, clean installation except for getting to it to remove the two unused fuel sensor wire sets.

The two fuel sensor wire sets have been removed and now I am working on the wires installed since the boat was built. I found one set of wires that I have no idea as to where it went or what it did. The solution was to connect the hot wire to a positive terminal and then use a circuit tester to see if there was a complete connection. Once that was determined, the negative wire was “grounded” with a clamp, the device on the other end was located. Progress! (I think)

One of the projects with the current wiring situation is to install a second fuse panel for some of the items now protected with in-line fuses. Finding the right fuse (even with a list) at night out on the water and then trying to get it into an in-line fuse holder is not fun.

## From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew  
(Tallahassee, Florida)

It is a lot less work to replace the fuse on a fuse panel. The second fuse panel would also shorten the run of the wiring to each device. All the manuals say the longer the run, the larger the wire size. If I run heavier wire to the second panel from the main panel connection, I can then run smaller wires to the devices. More work up front, but less work in the future.

One of the aspects of growing older is the decrease in bodily flexibility. At the moment, I am dealing with a “potential” frozen shoulder. I have a set of exercises and get treatment every two weeks. As with most joint problems, the medical people push gentle exercise and movement to keep things from “locking up”. Although one rows with the back and not the arms, rowing still requires shoulder movement. Since my skiff will not have a motor or sails, propulsion is a matter of concern. At present, the choice is poling the boat in the shallows (a lot of shallow water in my area) using what is called a “mud pole” since a lot of the bottom area is mud or silt.

A mud pole is a regular pole with a “flapper” on the end that pushes on the bottom. When I push the pole towards the bottom, the flapper opens out to increase the area of effort. When I pull the pole forward, the flapper collapses to decrease the drag through the water and to also decrease the chance of the pole “hanging” in the mud and pulling me into the water as the boat moves forward and I (with pole in hand) do not. I can either purchase the flapper arrangement or make my own. I figure to make my own using a spare door hinge, a right-angle brace, and a piece of plywood.

The plan for the push pole is based on what I remember seeing as a youngster. The “old timers” of that period talked about taking their boats to Tampa from the Bradenton River area along the shores of Tampa Bay (water is quite shallow) and using the poles in the soft sand, when the wind was wrong to use the sail. Since I walked in towing the boat

behind me one time (the motor failed), I can attest to the shallow water outside the channels in Tampa Bay.

Many years ago, a friend’s center-console’s fuel tank developed a leak. Getting to the tank was quite a bit of work, even though it was behind the console. Recently, a relative sent the following concerning a leak in his center-console: “I just got a video probe (mini TV camera on a flex lead) to take a look inside the leaking gas tank on my boat. I was hoping that maybe there was a bad end or something that could be repaired. No such luck!! The bottom of the tank looks like it has cancer. There are many spots that look ready to go through and at least one that is all the way through about the size of my index finger. There are a couple of baffles in the tank that restrict complete view but it is definitely not a “repair job”.”

As with most center-console boats, one would probably need to remove the console (and attached electronics), then see if the cover under the console gives access to the tank. This type of repair is not an inexpensive operation. My relative gave up the project, sold the boat (motor & trailer) to someone who knew a person who does major fuel tank replacements. With luck (and some money) the new owner will have a usable boat. The question at this point is “do you know the location of your boat’s fuel tank(s) and can you get to the tank(s) for replacement/repair?”

My neighbors at Shell Point acquired a “new” sailboat. While bringing it back to Shell Point they found water entering the bilge. They found the leak (potable water tank fitting) and also found out that the bilge pump would not pump the water out of the bilge. The bilge pump did not fail, it was designed not to pump water if oil was detected. As per the manufacturer’s information: “The new eco-friendly bilge pumps feature a solid state water sensing technology that eliminates the need for a separate float switch. The sensor’s unique “field effect” technology will only recognize water. If motor oil is present in the bilge, the sensor will not turn the pump on.”

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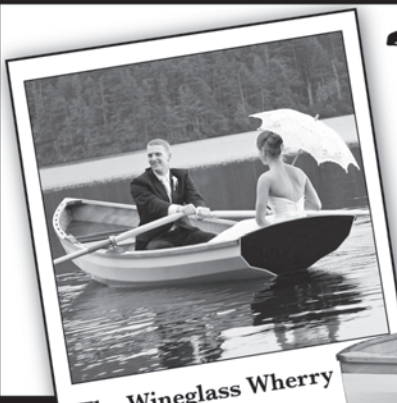
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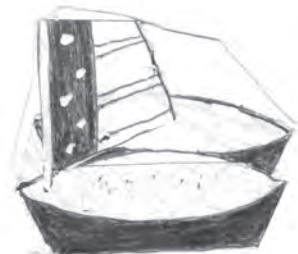
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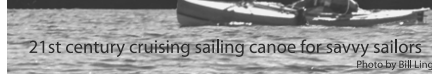


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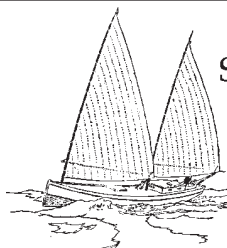
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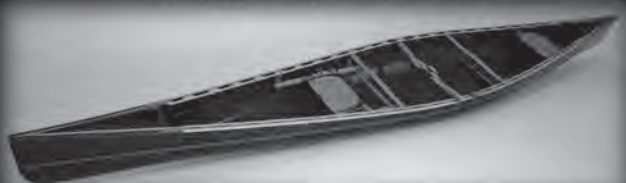
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# CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

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**Classic Bass Boat**, '64, heavy duty f/ghull, just completed rebuild from hull up & converted to Volvo 4-cyl 1/0 (low hours). Setup for 2 for economical & comfortable cruising, portojon, icebox, sink, rear camper covering. Lots of mahogany & bronze. \$7,000 w/o tlr, \$8,000 w/tlr, located northern Lake Champlain. BILL MOULTON, VT, (802) 479-0858, bill@bill-moulton.com (4)

**Reproduction Collection Reduction Required**, due to space limitations: **11'3" Asa Thompson Skiff**, oak, glue/stitch/copper rivets. \$1,900. **10' Chaisson Dory Tender**, cedar on oak, copper rivets. \$2,600. **10' Lawton Tender**, carvel cedar on oak, copper rivets. \$6,500. All in exc cond. JIM DOOLEY, Marshfield, MA, (781) 834-2979 (4)

**15' Aluminum Tracker**, 9.9hp 4-stroke Merc, lots of extras, vy little use. \$2,800 cash OBRO. **20' '04 Lunenburg NS Troll Dory**, w/motor well, 2 pr oars, anchor. \$2,800 cash OBRO. **18' Old Town Otca Canoe**, built '61, exc cond. \$1,500 cash OBRO. **16' Old Town Otca Canoe**, built '49, vy nice cond. \$1,500 cash OBRO. **14' Bahamian Sailing Dinghy**, needs rebuilding. \$700 cash OBRO. LEON POTHIER, Westfield, MA, (413) 562-2216 (4)



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## BOATS WANTED



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**Tanzer 22**, '79, on stands in Barnstable, MA, great shape, fixed keel w/centerboard, all rigging. \$1,000 obo. ANDY VOIKOS, Barnstable, MA, (508) 362-8776, avoikos1@comcast.net (3)

**Classic Whitehall**, 12'x4'x10", a Geodesic Aero-lite dacron-on-oak frame, weighs 30lbs. Best as a single. Incl 7' oars. \$850. BOB KUGLER, Westport Pt, MA, (508) 636-2236, enku451@charter.net for pictures (3)

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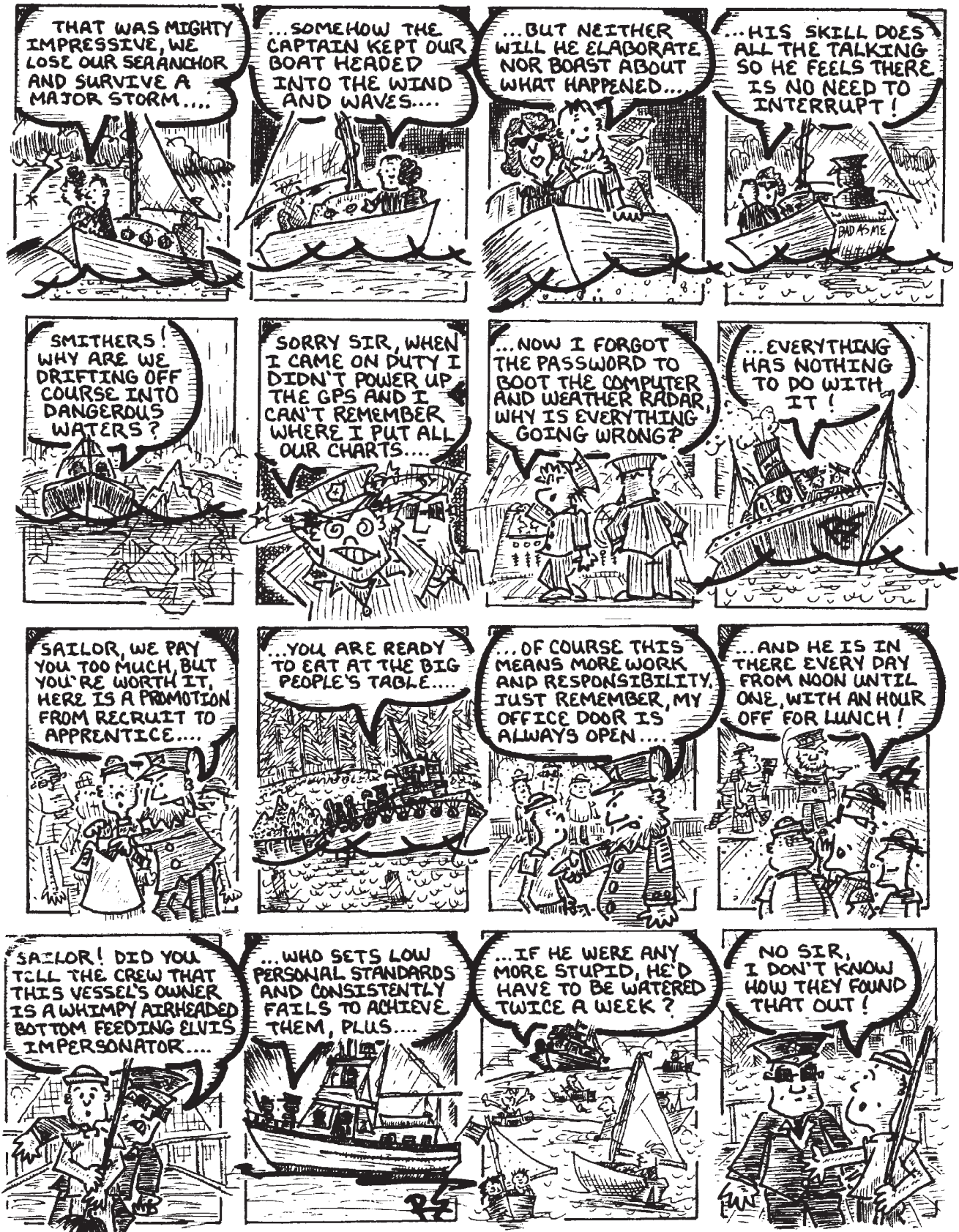
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*Dave & Steve: Just a note of thanks. Dave, don't lose that smoothie recipe (as if it could be duplicated.) Steve, my people will call your people for a bill for all the bits and pieces you provided. Thanks guys, for everything. Best regards, Al Freihofer*

A note from Al Freihofer, after he and Brian Rooney rowed their guideboats from Ottawa, to Montreal, then down the length of Lake Champlain and overland to Lake George and home.

And, Al, you've got it wrong....thank you!